

A  
Fool's Preferment,  
OR, THE  
Three DUKES of Dunstable.  
A COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the Queens Theatre in  
*Dorset-Garden*, by Their MAJESTIES Ser-  
vants.

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*Written by Mr. D'ursey.*

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Together, with all the SONGS and NOTES to 'em,  
Excellently Compos'd by Mr. HENRY PURCELL. 1688.

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Licensed,  
May 21. 1688. R. P.

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*Eupolis atq; Cratinus, Aristophanesque Poetae,  
Atq; alii, quorum Comœdia prisca virorum est;  
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod Malus, aut Fur,  
Quod Machus foret, aut Sicarius, aut alioqui  
Famosus; multa cum libertate notabunt.  
Hinc Omnis pendet Lucillius.* —————

Horat. Styr. 4.

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TO THE  
HONOURABLE  
CHARLES  
Lord MORPETH.

*My dear LORD,*

**I** Am in Debt so many ways, for Obligations to your Self, and Noble Family, that, with all the Gratitude I have, I am puzzled in finding occasions to express my Thanks; be pleased therefore to receive in a Dedication of this slight Piece, my Hearts true Acknowledgments, and as true an Endeavour to divert you, by Reading a Comedy, which was only design'd to please such as look on this sort of Dramatick Poessie, as you do, with Judgment and good Humour. I have studied these things long enough to know the Humor of the Town, and what is proper for Diversion; but I cannot always bring my Inclinations to flatter the (*Would be WITS,*) nor spare the exposing a notorious Vice, tho' the price of a Third Day were the fatal consequence of such an Indiscretion: It is, and shall be, enough for me at any time, if some few of the many Noble and Worthy Persons, that did me the Honour to appear for me, in spite of the Party that was maliciously made by some eminent Gamesters of both Sexes, who thought themselves touch'd: If such as your Lordship, and those others of my unbyass'd Friends, will please to think it worth their liking, and alluding to a late Honourable, and Renowned Author; I Declare,

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

If You, and Others, I omit to Name,  
Approve my Lines, I count your Censure, Fame.

As to the Play, I will only say this of it, the first hint was taken from an old Comedy of *Fletcher's*; and as it was improv'd, and several new Humours added, it was generally lik'd before the Acting. I knew *Basset* was a Game, only proper for Persons of great Fortunes; and therefore I thought, that a wholesome Satyr of this kind might have oblig'd some Country-Gentlemen; or Citizens of small Estates, whose Wives ne're heeding the approaching Ruin, took only care, they might have the Honour, to be seen at Play with Quality. But some certain, very nice, Persons, especially one, took it so to Heart, that dear *Basset* should be expos'd, that my honest Intentions were quite frustrated, and that the Piece might be sure to be ruin'd, their Majesties were told, it was so obscene, that it was not fit to be Acted; when, I can prove, there has not, these seven years, been any Comedy so free from it; and some good Judges were pleas'd to Declare, they thought that, the only Reason some People had to find fault. Obscenity is a thing of that abominable Nature, that unless it be detected so thoroughly, that it may be punished, it were better not heeded at all, (especially, by a Lady) who, in my Opinion, being too Witty in such a Discovery, will only give People to understand, how well skill'd She is in the Matter.

My LORD, I most Humbly beg your Lordships Pardon for this Digression, tho' I could not well Publish the Play, without some Defence in this kind; but I have done with 'em now, and the hottest Censurer shall at leisure cool of himself: I will only rally my own ill Fortune, and say, with that admirable French Moralist; *Fortune, Je me repends de t'avoir suivie, & cognoissant que tu ne peux chos. du monde advoüer que la vertu est le seul port où les hommes peuvent trouver leur veritable tranquillité.*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

A Sentence, which, I'm sure, your Lordship thoroughly understands, having been with choicest Care Brod, and Learned in the nicest Rudiments of Morality, Wit, and Religion, and therefore skill'd in what concerns all Mankind in general, as well as Poets, who are Condemn'd to Traffick with all sort of Humours, and to be oblig'd to such as will ~~own~~ themselves pleas'd, with what they like. A Fatigue, which I can the better bear, because it offends me little, which way soever it happens, always believing, that, next diverting my Friends, to please my Self, is the best method; but as my Friends satisfaction takes Place first, I hope this Comedy will not appear distastful to 'em, especially to you, being Corrected, And My Lord, thus Humbly Dedicated, By

Your Lordships most Obliged,

And

Humble Servant,

**D'URFEE.**

## MEMORANDUM

Wife to Cowardly	Amelia
A Man of Honour	Colin
Woman to be loved	Amy
Doctor, Citizens, Barber, Dancers, and Attendants	

Dramatis

The COLLECT, in the Region of Whimsy

# Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Cocklebrain.</i>	A half-witted Country-Gentleman, whom his Wife rules, and keeps in Town spending his Estate at <i>Basset</i> ; yet still bubbles him in hopes of Preferment.	Mr. Nokes.
Justice <i>Grab.</i>	An old Peevish Country Justice, an hater of the Town, and its Fashions	Mr. Leigh.
<i>Lyonel.</i>	A Well Bred Ingenious Gentleman: who, being hindred of his Mistress, by the King, fell distracted.	Mr. Montfort.
<i>Clermont.</i>	<i>Basset</i> -Players and Agents with	Mr. Kinaston.
<i>Longevile</i>	<i>Aurelia</i> , in the Bubling her Husband.	Mr. Powel.
<i>Bewford.</i>	band.	Mr. Bowman.
<i>Toby.</i>	Servant to <i>Cocklebrain</i> , a sly Drol-ling Fellow that hates the Town, and his Master's living there.	Mr. Jevon.
<i>Sir Jasper</i>	A foolish Knight, that has lost all his Estate at <i>Basset</i> .	Mr. ———
<i>Loft-all.</i>		
<i>Fleashint.</i>	Two Rooks at <i>Basset</i> .	
<i>Sharpe.</i>	Usher of the Black Rod.	Mr. Powel, Sen.

## WOMEN.

<i>Aurelia,</i>	Wife to <i>Cocklebrain</i> , a Town-bred Jilt, a great <i>Basset</i> -player.	Mrs. Bowtel.
<i>Celia,</i>	A Maid of Honour.	Mrs. Jordain.
<i>Maria,</i>	Woman to <i>Aurelia</i> .	
	Doctor, Citizens, Barber, Dancers, and Attendants.	

SCENE, The COURT, in the Reign of Henry the Fourth.  
PROLOGUE.

# PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. JEVON.

**A** Poets Trade, like Hazard, does entice;  
He's the unlucky Caster, you the Dice.  
Constant ill Luck attends at every Throw  
You Criticks are like Fullhams, high and low,  
Yet 'tis his Fate, he can't give over so. }

Like a young Wife, just ready to Lie in,  
That whines and cries, Ple ne're come to't agen: } Altering his  
When th' danger's past, and pains forgotten all, } Voice.  
Her Heart's not broke, She'l venture 'tother Squawl.  
To all new Plays, like Towns besieg'd, you come,  
And each pert huffing Whipster throws a Bomb,  
Whilst th' trembling Author all the Shot retains  
Of several Nations, and their several Brains;  
'Tis strange, you Beaux at home should do such harm,  
Pray find another Buda, if you'l Storm;  
One good sound Battel would some Thought provoke;  
For Brains are never seen, till Heads are broke;  
From Famous Fletcher's Hint, this piece was made,  
All Mirth and Droll, not one reflection said.  
For now-a-days poor Satyr hides his Head.  
No wholsom Jerk dares last fantastick Youth,  
You wits grow angry, if you hear the Truth,  
Old Fumble now, may at Doll Commons strip,  
Without being flag'n'd by a Poetick Whip.  
The Noble Peer may to the Play repair,  
Court the pert Damsel with her China Ware. }  
N. Marry her, if he please, no one will care. }

## PROLOGUE.

The Whore too may with Quality be Box'd,  
And set up for a Virtue, though She's Pox'd.  
The Pop in Love may his dull Genius try;  
The Soldier Drink, so Quarrel, and so Dye.  
The Alderman may Cheat, the Lawyer Lye.  
And Satyr now not dare to question, why;  
You shall scape too, at th' Trading end o' th' Town,  
Your Wit sticks fast, although your Charter's gone;  
Therefore brave Knights o' th' Apron, and the Yard,  
All fear of a Satyrick Jest discard;  
Let not this Play, through your shrewd censure, fall,  
And then cheat on, and prosper great and small,  
You shall have Liberty of Conscience, All.

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THE

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THE  
Fool's Preferment;  
OR, THE  
THREE DUKES  
OF  
DUNSTABLE.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Garden, discovering Lyonel crown'd with Flowers, and  
Antickly drest, sitting on a Green Bank,*

*Enter Celia.*

*Celia.* **Y**onder he is: Oh that Heart-breaking Object,  
The Darling of the Times, his Country's honor,  
Our Sexes Joy, and Glory of his own,  
That was all Bravery, All Wit, All Merit,  
Wild as the Winds; lies there bereft of Sense;  
Whilst here I mourn, that am the Fatal Cause.  
Fall, Fall, ye Tears! and throb, unhappy Heart!  
That, in a luckless Hour, refus'd such Love;  
Threatn'd by Friends, and forc'd by Royal Power.

B

I threw

*The Fool's Preferment ; Or,*

I threw a Dearer, Brighter Jewel from me,  
Than e'er deckt Woman's Beauty.

Oh wou'd to Heaven,  
That I had known the Curse of stubborn Will,  
Or I had dy'd e'er I had done such Ill.

*Lyonel sings.*

I sigh'd, and I pin'd,  
Was Constant and Kind  
To a Filt that laugh'd at my Pains :  
Though my Passion ne'r cool'd,  
I found I was fool'd,  
For all my Abundance of Brains,  
But now I'm a Thing  
As great as a King :  
So blest is the Head that is addle !  
The dull, empty Pate  
Soonest comes to be great :  
Fate doats on a Fool in the Cradle.

*Lyon. Madam !*

*Celia. Ay, Sir!*

*Lyon. How goes the World ? From thence the Zodiack, the Sun, the Moon and Planets ; In what Meridian are we ?*

*Celia. Do but hear me, Sir !*

*Lyon. With all my Heart. I know your Cleft Sex are in great Trust with Lucifer : and can do a man a Favour ; a handsome Woman is the Devil's Soul-Broker, a Place worth ten of his Gentleman-Usher ; you shall find I have Court Breeding. Come, pronounce.*

*Celia. Sir, I am come.*

*Lyon. From the Dread Sovereign King ; I know it well : I am all Duty, all Courtier, all Cringe ; as supple as my Ladies Page ; he is a Gracious Prince, Long may he live. Belong you to his Chamber ?*

*Celia. Not I indeed, Sir, that Place is not for Women !*

*Lyon.*



*The three Dukes of Dunstable.*

*Lyon.* Not for Women! What Place more fit for Women than a Chamber? They were begot in Chambers! Born in Chambers! Drest in Chambers! And if you take a Woman out of her Chamber, you'll find her good for nothing.

*Celia.* For nothing, Sir! Can you say so of me? D'you know who I am?

*Lyon.* Most exquisitely.

*Celia.* What is my Name?

*Lyon.* Damnation!

*Celia.* How, Sir?

*Lyon.* The Gossips call'd you first *Philissida*, because of your little Mouth, and narrow Gaskins: but you are putt out like a Pumpkin since, Hell Gate's not wider than a Woman's Conscience.

*Celia.* Fye, Sir, All this to her that loves you!

*Lyon.* Love me, nay, that's a Lye! I had but one Love, and her the good King *Henry* has taken from me, to bribe his Favorite for his Legs and Cringes. But hush--- no more of that; I must be wary, Pitchers have Ears. Some one may call this Treason.

*Celia.* That Favourite, Sir, is now in great Disgrace; And the King pitying you, has sent me hither.

*Lyon.* To soak me like a Sponge! Drain all my Secrets, and then hang me up. Ha, I find it out: This Woman here is sent to undermine me; to buz Love into me: to try my Spirits, and make me open and betray my self: Hah, Is not this true?

*Celia.* No indeed, Sir--- Heaven knows I love you too well to betray you!

*Lyon.* Such was the Heavenly Musick of her Voice, Soft as the Flute-like Sounds that charm'd my Ear, When my dear *Celia* lov'd me, but she's gone: The Fiend Ambition bears her on his Wings: She mounts, she soars, and leaves her Vows behind her.

*Celia.* Oh my Curst Fortune!

*Lyon.* Do you weep, let me see? Pray let me taste your Tears, Ha, ha, ha, ha, Rose-Water by this Light: Nine pence a Pint, sold at the Potbecaries: Oh thou Dissembler! that is, Thou very Woman: All thy Sex carry perpetual Fountains in their Heads, and make their Eyes spout Mischiefs when they please.

## The Fool's Preferment; Or,

## S I N G S.

There's nothing so fatal as Woman,  
To hurry a Man to his Grave;

You may think, you may plot,

You may sigh like a Sot :

She uses you more like a Slave.

But a Bottle, altho' it be common,

The Cheats of the Fair will undo,

It will drive from your Head

The Delights of the Bed ;

He that's drunk is not able to wooe.

[Ex. Lyon.]

*Celia.* Method in Madness, Grace even in Distraction:  
I'll never leave him, 'till, by Art or Prayer,  
I have restor'd his Senses to their Office.

Oh most unnatural Vice in silly Women !

We oft refuse what best deserves our Love,

And often chuse the contrary ! ----

Thus Shadow-like, we make the Sentence true,

Follow'd we fly : but if they fly, pursue.

I that this Sun of Vertue could not see,

When long his Beams were hourly cast on me :

Like blushing Flowers wanton'd when I shone,

But ne'er his Value knew till he was gone :

Unhappy Sex ! Thy Fortune never drew

So great a Blessing as a Love that's true,

But to be sold by Friends, by Coxcombs griev'd ;

Match'd for thy Plague : and born to be deceiv'd. [Ex. Celia.]

*Enter Cockle-brain and Toby.*

*Cockl.* Sirra, Sirra ! I say once more, The Court's a Glorious Place, and I am much honour'd with the Society of my Wives Noble Friends there. Therefore leave off your grumbling, and let me have no more of your mouldy Advice, or as I am a true Courtier, and consequently a Wit—

*Tob.*

*The three Dukes of Dunstable.*

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*Tob.* A Wit! No, no, Sir, you are *John Cockle-brain*, of *Plowden-Hicket*, in the County of *Staffordshire*, Esquire.

*Cockl.* A Squire, which is as much as to say a Fool; is it? Very well, Sirra.

*Tob.* Why the Devil will you be a Wit, Sir, you had as good own your self a Bastard: For there has not been Wit in your Family since the Conquest.

*Cockl.* Sirra, if I am a Wit, I will be a Wit, and let my Family rise and deny it if they dare; But whatsoever I am, Sirra, I am sure you are an Impudent Rascal; and don't you think, Sirra, because you found me with a Whore t'other Day at *Green-Goose-Fair*, when I was drunk, and I lesir'd you not to tell my Wife; that I'll bear every Flirt from you. The World would be finely govern'd indeed, if every Man's Servant, because he is a Pimp, must pretend to be sawcy.

*Tob.* And shall we never go into the Country agen then, Sir? Will you run out all your Estate here, for this confounded Name of a Courtier?

*Cockl.* Sirra, You sawcy Rascal, 'tis a Name that draws Wonder and Duty from all Eyes and Knees.

*Tob.* Ay, 'Twill draw your Worship's Land within the walls too, where you may have it, all inclos'd and sure: Oh, here comes your Country Uncle, Old Justice *Grub*, he'll *grab* you now i' faith; he'll firk you for your Feathers and your Fooleries. He has had no Drink but Juice of Crabs and Vinegar this week, to fit him for you. He'll make you a Courtier. [Enter *Grub*.]

*Cockl.* Good morrow, good morrow, Uncle.

*Grub.* Good morrow, Cod'shead: *Cockle-brain* and Cod'shead are much at one. Own'z! dost wear that damn'd Cap upon thy Head with a Summer-fly Flap, like the Fore-Horse of a Waggon? And dost thou bid me good morrow? Why, you Ninny, you Nicompoop, you Noun Adjective, for thou canst not stand by thy self, I am sure; must my Family be disgrac'd and ruin'd by a flanting Popdoodle, that is too finical to learn any Sense. A Pox on thee, I am asham'd on thee.

*Tob.* Ay there, there, Sir, there's a Courtier for you.

*Cockl.* Why, good Uncle, what's the matter?

*Grub.* Gadzooks. What's the matter? why, you Scatterbrain! you

you Son of a Whore; and yet I think my Sister was honest: What's the matter? Why thou'rt undone. O Thou art lost. I would not lend thee Two pence on thy Land: Thou art a meer Bankrupt.

*Tab.* Very well! Very fine indeed: this is but the first Course. I'll leave you together and go and laugh.

*Cockl.* Not too fast, not too fast, Uncle: Pray consider a little.

*Grub.* Not a Jot, Faith! What dost thou do at Court but to be ruin'd? Hast reckon'd up thy Income? Dost thou know the Value of thy Tenants Sweat and Labour, and thy Expences here?

*Cockl.* I think I do.

*Grub.* Think, nay, that's a Lye: thou hast not thought these seven Years, to my knowledge. Thou hast a Wife, a handsome Wife, Men say: Canst thou pretend to have a Grain of Thought, And yet bring her to Court? Ah—

*Cockl.* Pray, Sir, what ill can she get there?

*Grub.* A Bastard, Sir; it may be, to inherit your Estate. Own! I shall ne'er have Patience!

*Cockl.* Oh Sir, you are Splenetick!

*Grub.* You are a Jack-pudding, A Pragmatick Spend-thrift, A Fellow that I would beat into a Powder, if I had the Law on my side. Can there come any thing of Essences, Pulvilio's, and Perfumes, more than the Head-Ach? Take your Wife to task, ye Blockhead, and Thrum her Jacquet well, she'll ne'er be good else; She's of the right Strain, I know her to a hair; and if thou wouldst be Famous, beat thy self, for thou deserv'st it richly.

*Cockl.* What your froward Gall can vent on me I bear, but if you rail against my Wife—

*Grub.* What then?

*Cockl.* Why you shall know, that I am a Fighter.

*Grub.* A Fool: That fair 1200 *l* a Year will shrink into a Tester, by next Summer, and all to be a Courtier, in the Devil's Name.

*Cockl.* Well, Sir; And is not that enough?

*Grub.* You Dogbolt, Enough! Will that Frogby Title keep firm your Credit, Sir? Will your Spindle Shanks there e'er carry you

you to win the Goat of Honour? They look already as they could scarce drag thee over the Kennel, with a Fox to you, good Mr. Courtier.

Cockl. Yes, Sir, I am a Courtier, and intend to be a Cherubin. Courtiers are all Cherubins and Seraphims; and I think I have some Reason.

Grub. How, Reason! I have seen a Dapper thing more like a Courtier, set up to scare the Crows out of the Corn.

Cockl. Ha, ha, ha, Much good may't do your Heart, Uncle, you are merry, and I could entertain you with a Joke against your Countrey Life, were I so dispos'd; your Ditches and your Dunghils. I could nettle you i' faith.

Grub. Ye Jackanapes, Gadzooks! Speak a word more against the Countrey and I'll beat thee, I'll twinge thee, before thy Wife and all thy Family: I will i' faith, therefore don't provoke me!

Cockl. Nay, Why so angry, Uncle? I pass by your Lowing of Cows, Bleating of Sheep, and your damn'd Noise of Chattering Rooks in the Morning, that would not let one sleep. You see I am patient.

Grub. Rooks! There's never a Fop at Court has half their Sense, to my knowledge, No, nor their Harmony. The finest Vocal Musick in the World, this Fool calls Chattering. Ah, thou art a Dunce. I had rather hear a Rook sing than Si Faith.

Cockl. Nor do I rally on your fine Discourse, which is commonly about your Dogs and Horses, and for your part, Uncle, you have a Passion for your Wall-Ey'd Mare, exceeds the Love of Women.

Grub. Here's an impudent Rascal, here's a Rogue, to debauch my Darling-Mare before my Face. And the Dog knows too I love her as well as I do my Wife, why, you slanderous Villain! Now could I even weep for Madness! Sirra, leave your Prating, or provide your self a Second. Gad! I'll fight for the Honour of my Mare, sooner than for any Lady at Court by th' half.

Cockl. Nay, nay, I have done, good Uncle.

Grub. 'Tis well you have, Sir: Wall-Ey'd Mare, you Puppy! 'Tis true she's queer of an Ogle or so; But what then? Look you into the Park, or into your Damn'd Play-house, and see what Crowds of Female Sins come thither, and then let's hear you prate.

Cockl.



*Cockl.* But, Uncle, why are you so inveterate against the Court? Were you ever there?

*Grub.* Not I, thank Heaven: I got down t' other day as far as *Charing-Cross*, and had like to have been choak'd at that distance.

*Cockl.* Come, come, Uncle! Leave off your snarling, and ridiculous Anger, and bring your Wife to Court. I hear she's handsome: let her not live there to be a Farmer's blowing; and be confin'd to Serge with Silver Edging; and Petticoats far coarser than my Horse-Cloath: But give her Velvets, Tissues, Pearls, and Jewels.

*Grub.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

*Cockl.* A Coach and Ulber, and two running Footmen, and I will send my Wife to give her Rules.

*Grub.* 's Heart! I had rather send her to *Virginia*, and make her plant Tabaco. This Fellow's mad.

*Enter Servant.*

*Cockl.* Sirra, How slept your Mistress? and what Visitants are come this Morning?

*Serv.* Sir, as I came out, two Lords were newly entred.

*Cockl.* This is great now, do any Lords, Uncle, come to see your new Wife?

*Grub.* No. Lord have Mercy upon her if they did: Heaven keep my Wife, and all my Issue Female still from their Lordships.

*Cockl.* Oh, you are dull and pall'd! You have no Pallat.

*Grub.* This Fellow's a Cuckold too; a rank Cuckold! I smell him: well, God b'w'y: thou art a rare Coxcomb, and I'll not see thy Folly any longer. When you want Money, Friend, for a new Fund of Prodigality, I suppose, I shall hear of you; but not a Penny: let thy own Folly feed thee. Ownz! To be a Cuckold too, that plagues me most of all--- Ah you senceless As! Gad! I have a great mind to take the Dog cross the Face; A Cuckoldly Rogue. Gadzooks! If I stay I shall murder him. [*Ex. in anger.*]

*Cockl.* A strange dull angry old Fellow this: But just such another Piece to Dirt was I, before my Eyes were open'd by my Wife.

*Enter*

*The three Dukes of Dunstable.*

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*Enter Aurelia.*

Oh, here she comes: Good morrow, Dearest.

*Aur.* Good morrow, my Jewel. Thou look'st well this Morning.

*Cockl.* Thank thee, Sweet Heart: I have no other reason.

*Aur.* I am glad on't: Now, then to my present business, which is Money.

*Cockl.* Faith, I have none left.

*Aur.* I hope you will not say so: nor imagine so base and low a Thought: I have none left! Are these words fitting for a Man of Honour, and Dignity that shall be.

*Cockl.* The Lord knows when: Thou hast been seven Years about it, and yet I am where I was, Child. But I know thou hast daily and nightly labour'd with thy Friends for my Advancement.

*Aur.* Very well, Sir: And do you pop me off with this slight Answer, i'faith I have none left? i'faith you must have!

*Cockl.* I must have!

*Aur.* You must have. Nay, stare not, Sir; 'tis true, I must have Money: for be perswaded, if we fall now, or be but seen to shrink under our fair Beginnings, 'tis our Ruine, and then good night to all, but our Disgraces.

*Cockl.* Why, where's the Hundred Pound I gave you yesterday.

*Aur.* Oh that! I lost it at *Basset*, last night.

*Cockl.* Then you may win it at *Basset* this morning: Why, can you think, Wife, I'll endure such Doings? Why, how the Devil could you lose all that?

*Aur.* I had horrid Luck, Child: Come, I'll tell thee how. Dost understand the Game, Honey?

*Cockl.* Not I: I understand none of the Game: A Pox o' the Game, if this be the Fruits on't.

*Aur.* Not understand it! Well, I am resolv'd I'll teach it thee. 'Tis the most Courtly, the most Grand, the most Graceful Game, And has the finest Terms in't that e'er were heard: As thus now! First, there's the *Fasse*, then the *Alpien*, or *Paroli*,

C

the

the *Sept & le va*, *Quinze*. & le va, *Trent*. & le va, *Sonica*, nay sometimes the *Soisant & le va*.

*Cockl.* *Soisant*, and the Devil and all: Why this is Conjuring, Confound it----- What a damn'd Game's here, to lose a 100*l.* at!

*Aur.* I tell thee, Child, I had the worst Luck in the whole World: I lost a *Sept & le va* upon an Eight King.

*Cockl.* Gadzooks! And wilt lose a King's Revenue at this rate. This is a Game that's fit for none but Kings and Queens, to play at, for ought that I see.

*Aur.* Ay. 'Tis a Royal Game, indeed; but prithee do but observe my ill Fortune! I was *Fas'd* every Card, I set, or when I drew a lucky one it did not go. I had lost seven Kings before, and made a *Sept & le va* upon an Eight: When to see the Prodigy of ill Luck, A Citty, a strange Punt, that sat next me, a pert forward pushing Fellow follow'd the winning Knaves, and won a *Quinze & le va* before ever I could make an *Alpien*: But what vex't me most intolerably, was to see my Fat Lady Thump Cushion make *Paroli*, and then a *Sept & le va* upon the same Card, and when I lost my King four times in one Deal, she, upon a filthy Knave, every time won *Sonica*.

*Cockl.* The Devil take my Lady's *Sonica*, and my Lord's too; What a Noise is here with 'em?

*Aur.* I think never poor Punt was so Embarrass'd: but I have done: Come, now what say'st thou to this Money? I'll soon fetch up my Losses, Sweet Heart: I must have, let me see 500*l.* by to morrow night: nay, ne'er flinch at it; 'Tis for thy Preferment, thou know'st.

*Cockl.* Nay, faith, I know not what to say to't: 'tis such a Devilish hard World, that my Tennants write me word they are all running away. The last 50*l.* I laid down for your tall Cousin's Horse and Equipage: He that's going to be an Officer; And I han't a ragg more left, as I am a true Courtier.

*Aur.* Hark you, Sir, have you no Land in the Country?

*Cockl.* Why, yes, but I had forgot that.

*Aur.* It must be remembered: some of it must fetch this Money: Thou shalt not lose Preferment, my Dear, for the sake of a few dirty Acres; Especially when, by my means, the Sun of Honour



Honour is just going to break out upon thee. Dost hear, Child? This Land must be in *London* by to-morrow Night.

*Cockl.* Well, well, if it must, it must: What, 300 Acres will serve the Turn? Hum!

*Aur.* 'Twill do very well: And now you speak like a Man, and like a Courtier that shall be great, and suddenly; I have said it: Well, adieu! you'll dispatch; I must go get the *Basset-Cards* ready; for I expect my Lord's Company, and all the Punks here after Dinner: Mr. *Winnall* Taillies, and I am to be his Croupier: If I want Money I'll make shift to borrow out of my Lord's Fobb.

*Cockl.* Well, well, prithee borrow what thou wilt out of my Lord's Fobb. Go, leave me a little.

*Aur.* Adieu, Child, Adieu, my Precious. [*Claps his Cheek, & ex.*]

*Cockl.* 'Tis a good natur'd ingenious Devil; and does so bustle about the Courtiers to make me great, and is so caref'd by this Lord, and by t'other Knight, that 'twould do ones Heart good to see her: that's the truth on't, she must have this Money; but how to make this Sale handsomely now, let me see! Gad, I am almost afraid to tell my Man *Toby* on't, 'twill break the poor Fellow's Heart, to hear that I am going to sell: but hang't, it must be done, and there's no more to be said. Who's within there?

*Toby.*

Enter Toby.

*Tob.* Did you call, Sir?

*Cockl.* Ay, honest *Toby*, I would have you run presently to the *Exchange*, and there to Sir *John Cutchinsels*, the Merchant, offer 300 Acres of my Land: Why dost thou stare so?

*Tob.* Why faith, Sir, see how strangely things will happen, I dream't last night that you were in *Bedlam*, and now my Dream is out.

*Cockl.* Oh spare your Wit, good *Toby*, for your Business, Tell him, d'ye hear? 'Tis choice and fertile, and ask upon't 300*l.*

*Tob.* Sir, do not do this; pray take my Cap and consider a little: This honest Land, that you are parting with, hath been true to you, and done you loyal Service.

*Cockl.* As 'twas in Duty bound: But whatever happens, my Wife must not want Money: for if she do, either she or her Friends, I may whistle for Preferment. Go, go, begone, I say, and when you come back----- look for me in the Presence. *[Exit Cockl.]*

*Tob.* 'Tis this damn'd Wife that is the Cause of all, and this, Oh this is the dear Marriage Blessing; Man is the Shuttle, and his Wife the Loom; and so they weave themselves into a Knot, that when 'tis done, they'd hang themselves to unty: I'll to his Uncle presently, and tell him all, perhaps 'twill stop his Journey, and make him come and rail, and beat my Mistress: I'd give my Wages to see't done handsomely: I'll whet him I am resolved. *[Exit.]*

### SCENE III. *Grub's House.*

*Enter Grub.*

*Grub.* There's no good to be done upon this Fool, my Kinsman, so I'll into the Country, presently, and leave him to the Fool's Whip, Misery. Let me see----- I may recover 20 Miles to night! Hol! Within there--- Some body call a Barber; I'll be shav'd first, however: I shall ride so much the lighter. Call a Barber, there.

*Enter Lyonel.*

How now! Who have we here?

*Lyon.* Sir, I have follow'd you in here.

*Grub.* So methinks, Sir.

*Lyon.* 'Pray what may I call your Name?

*Grub.* My Name? Why my Name is *Grub*, Sir.

*Lyon.* *Grub!* right: you are a *Mahometan*.

*Grub.* The Devil I am.

*Lyon.* I know it; but am secret: Of what Faction are you? What Party join you with?

*Grub.* Prithee, I know no Factions, nor Parties, not I: I am a plain Countrey Gentleman, and am just going out of Town.

**Town.** What, a Devil, does the Man mean?

**Lyon.** Then wear this Cross of White, and where you see the like, they are my Friends: observe 'em well, the Time is dangerous.

**Grub.** I'll wear none of your Cross, not I: I know not what you mean.

**Lyon.** Not know my meaning! you may spare your Cunning, Sir, you can pick nothing out of this: this Cross is nothing but a Cross, a very Cross: plain, without Spell or Witch craft; search it; you may suspect Poison, Powder, or Wild-fire; but you are mistaken.

**Grub.** Well, Sir, I see 'tis a plain Cross, what then? What a Plague, is this Fellow?

**Lyon.** Then do your worst: I care not. Tell the King, as I am sure you will, of all my Actions: and so God save His Majesty. This is no Treason. [Exit.

**Grub.** Tell the King! What a strange, odd, whimsical Rogue is this! But this Town is full of nothing else: Nothing but Fools and Madmen throng the Streets. I'll get out on't as soon as I can. Come, where's the Barber?

*Enter Barber.*

**Barber.** Here, here, Ready, Sir.

**Grub.** Come, come, away with't quickly: but, d'ye hear, Sirra? Ha'n't you got the Itch now, which your Town-Breeding would complement upon my Face? Let's see your Fingers.

[Barber lathers him.]

**Barb.** Oh Clear, clear, as a Sucking Infant, Sir.

**Grub.** A smooth-fac'd Rogue: Sirra, you are a Whore-Master.

**Barb.** A little given that way, Sir; but I want Money.

**Grub.** Alas, poor Fellow! 'tis great Pity, faith. [Claps his Cheek.

**Barb.** If I were a great Man, Sir.

**Grub.** You would keep a Whore, and starve your Wife, as they do.

**Barb.** Yes, Sir.

*Grub.*

*Grub.* Very well: Ha, ha, ha. I have not met with a more honest Fellow: a good handsome, sleek Rascal too! How many Bastards have you, Friend? *[Claps his Cheek]*

*Barb.* Not very many, Sir. I have only two at Nurse, and another a coming--- Will your Worship be pleased to give me an old Shirt?

*Grub.* No, you Dog; I have a Kid of my own in the Countrey, that must be serv'd first. But, my bonny Shaver, you get your Living honestly, I hope? You are not given to Thieving?

*Barb.* To no Burglaries, Sir, they are troublesome; But for the neat Conveyance of a Hand into a Pocket, or so.

*Grub.* Hum! 'Tis as I said. Thieves, Fools and Madmen over-run this plaguy Town----- Would I were well a Horse-back.

*Enter Toby.*

*Tob.* Oh Sir, undone, undone, all lost, ruin'd!

*Grub.* How now? What's the Matter? What is there a Fire? ha! Who's there, *Toby*?

*Tob.* Ay, Ay, Sir, poor *Toby*, undone, utterly undone.

*Grub.* Be undone, and be hang'd! what, a Devil, dost fright me about it?--- Pox---- I thought the Town had been a Fire.

*Tob.* Sir, If ever you had any Respect for the Antient Family of the Cockle-brains, to which that of the *Grubs* is Worshipfully join'd, turn back to our House, and beat my Mistress.

*Grub.* Prithce, beat her thy self, and be hang'd, if thou hast a mind to't.

*Tob.* 's Bud. Would I might, I'd strap her with a Vengeance -- Besides my Master is undone, unless you go, Sir.

*Grub.* I'll not come near him, an extravagant Rascal, he has not a penny of Money; and I warrant his Land will be going e'er long.

*Tob.* 'Tis going, Sir, 'tis going now.

*Grub.* What's that? Is he going to Mortgage?

*Tob.*

*Tob.* To sell, Sir, to sell--- 300 Acres are doom'd this night, unless you stop it, Sir.

*Grub.* Give me my Hat and Gloves. [*Starts off his Chair.*

*Barb.* What is't you mean, Sir?

*Grub.* 300 Acres! Oh intolerable Rogue! I'll be with him: Gadzooks!

*Barb.* Why, Sir, your Beard is not half off.

*Grub.* Pox o' my Beard. I'll go with half a Nose to save 300 Acres. Come along, *Toby*----- Gad I'll thrash him into Stubble, but I'll change him, I am resolv'd on't. [*Exit.*

*Tob.* Good Luck be with thee, I ne'er had till now Half so much cause to bid God speed the Plough. [*Exit.*

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ACT II. SCENE I.

*Discovers the Bassett-Table; Aurelia, Clermont, Longoville, Bewford, and other Gentlemen and Ladies sitting round at Play, Winnall is dealing; several are standing by, and others walking about; Acting the several Humours of Winners and Losers.*

*Enter Sharpe and Flea-flint.*

*Sharpe.* WELL! What Times, *Flea-flint*? What purchase to night? What Rate bears Money? Hah!

*Flea.* Pox, not worth a Man's trouble: I have lent but Three Eight and forties yet.

*Sharpe.* But you'll draw so many Fifties, I hope!

*Flea.* Yes, certainly, I should hardly wait here else: there's no Pawn stirring neither; not so much as a Table-Diamond, nor my Lady's Locker, the Devil's in't! I think, this Trade will hardly find a Man Salt to his Radishes; Prithee, what News about Town, Ned?

*Sharpe.* Why young *Lyonel*, they say, is mad.

*Flea.* Mad! Prithee for what?

*Sharpe.*



*Sharp.* It seems the King once parted him and his Mistress, who was a rich Orphan, intending to bestow her on his Favourite; Grief for which Chance and her Inconstancy has since that time much distracted him, and now in his mad Fit, he conceits the King designs to hang him, and trap him speaking Treason.

*Flea.* Alas, poor *Lyonel!* Mad! and mad for Love too! Thou art a Miracle indeed.

*Enter Lady Lost-all.*

*Sharp.* What Lady's that?

*Flea.* Sir *Jasper* *Lost-all's* Lady, one that's so much in Love with her Coach that she's hardly ever out on't: prithee let's observe 'em; I find, by his fidgetting about, the Bank has stript him.

*Lady.* Well, Sir *Jasper*, I have told you of this a hundred times, pray come away now, I find your Money's all gone, by that sheepish Look of yours. D'y'e hear? Pray let some body order my Coach to come to the Door. You'll never leave this *Basset*, Sir *Jasper*, till you have ruin'd me. My Coach and Horses there, quickly. Come, I protest, I'm quite tir'd with coming up Stairs. [To a Footman.

*Sir Jasp.* Gad, Madam, to tell you the truth, I have lost your Coach and Horses since you went.

*Lady.* Lost my Coach and Horses!

*Sir Jasp.* Yes, faith, you must e'en beat home upon the Hoof, there's no Remedy?

*Lady.* Why, Thou Monster! thou dar'est not, sure, put such an Affront upon a Woman of my Quality; one that-----

*Sir Jasp.* One that shall scold with any Woman of Quality in Town, I'll say that for her, but I'll not stay to hear more on't. [Exit.

*Lady.* Oh intolerable! Was there ever such a Brute seen! that whilst I was paying an innocent Visit to my Cousin *Doll* *Feetly* here in the House, could have the Barbarity to lose my dear Coach and Horses, without which, alas! what is a Lady? How can a Lady subsist without her Coach and Horses? A Husband? A Clown; A Beast: one I married and got Knighted to have Com-  
fort

fort of him, and now the Brute, to reward me, has lost my dear Coach and Horses at filthy *Basset*, the Devil take him, how does the Monster think, a Lady dress'd in a Gown, as I am, shall foot it Home now? { *Takes up her Train, & discovers her Stockings down, Shoes tatter'd, & Exit.*

*Flea.* } Ha, ha, ha, ha, this was pleasant enough.  
*Sharp.* }

*Win.* Tre. winns, Six loses, *Knave* winns, Ten loses, Eight winns ---- Madam, you lose the *King*. [to Aurelia.

[Aurelia and Clermont rise.

*Aur.* A Curse on all ill Luck; *Fas't* so many times, a *Paroli*, *Sept*, and *Quinze & le va* lost in a Moment. [Tearing the Cards.

*Cler.* Plague on't, I am stript too, and this is all the Treasure I have left in this World. [Kissing her Hand.

*Aur.* Well, Sir, do not you complain till you lose that Treasure, I shall wheedle my Husband and get Fluff again within few hours, and then, Sir, perhaps you may hear from me; in the mean time Good Morrow, 'tis almost Sun-rising, I'll to Bed now. [Ex. smiling.

*Cler.* She gives me the *Ongle* to follow her. Oh this damn'd Itch of Play, yet cannot I give over, if I were to be hang'd. *Flea-sint*, Prithee come hither.

*Flea.* What's your Pleasure, Sir?

*Cler.* Thou know'st, I have always been thy Friend, and given thee *Barratto* freely, Prithee lend me another Eight and forty upon Honour.

*Flea.* Not without a Pawn, Sir, I have sworn the contrary.

*Cler.* As I am a Man of Honour.

*Flea.* As I am a Man of Honour, Sir, I must not break my Oath.

*Cler.* Thou wilt not do me this Courtesie then.

*Flea.* I cannot, Sir, what, would you have me damn my self for a Trifle: if you have e're a Pawn? ----

*Cler.* He give thee Bond and Judgment.

*Flea.* Pish, Paper, Paper, I'll do nothing without a Pawn, I tell ye.

*Cler.* Well, come hither, thou shalt have a Pawn.

*Flea.* Where, what is't?

*Cler.* And such a Pawn, as never was propos'd to Man before. --- thou saw'st that Lady that went out? D *Flea.*

*Flea.* Well, Sir, and what of her?

*Cler.* She is my Mistress, and the dearest Jewel that e're unlucky Gamester pawn'd before: One, that I value equal with my Life; yet such a Witchery there is in Play, that for this Money, I'll contrive it so, that thou shalt be Careless instead of me, till I return what's lent.

*Flea.* This I confess is the strangest Pawn I ever heard of, but I lend no Money upon Faces, Sir, I must beg your Pardon: However I shall make bold to tell the Lady, what a Faithful Spark she has. [*Aside.*]

*Clerm.* Dog, Rook, Rascal! What a Slave was I to offer such an inestimable Treasure! Sirra, get you gone, or I'll cut your Pate.

*Flea.* Ay, Ay; Rail, rail! Ha, ha, ha. [*Ex. Flea flint.*  
[Longoville and Bewford rise.]

*Long.* Clear'd---stript: by this Light, not a Rag left. [*tears the*]  
*Bew.* Ha, ha, ha, I won two Hundred Guineas: [*Cards.*]  
What's the matter, Jack?

*Cler.* Nothing, nothing, a Pox on him, come, Prithce let's go, and beat up the Rogues at the *Blue-Posts*, for a quart of burnt Sherry.

*Long.* With all my heart, a Plague of this damn'd *Basset-Table*. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Cocklebrain, Grub, and Toby.*

*Tob.* Do but see, Sir, they're at it still, at this time o' th' Morning.

*Grub.* Oons speak to 'em,ouse in upon 'em, Nephew.

*Cockl.* No, pray, Uncle, do you, for my part I'm aghast.

*Grub.* Gad, and so I will, what's here to do, what a Pox de'e make an Ordinary of my Nephew's House? a Bawdy-House were a better Name by the half, nothing but Cheating, and Gaming, and Roaring, and Tearing, Gall-fookers, 'tis past Suffering, and as I am his Friend, and Uncle---

*Sharp.* How now, who have we here, Sir, will you venture Fifty Pieces, here's a Stool.

*Grub.* And there 'tis at your Head, Dogbolt. Draw, Nephew, draw, Toby, draw, draw, we'll *Basset* the Rogues.

*Enter*



*Enter Lyonel, with a Helmet on, and Sword drawn.*

*Lyon.* What's here, Treason going forward, I'll make one against ye, Faith. *(First attacks Grub, and has him down, then throws the Cards about, and falls upon the Gamesters, till Grub rises, and they then beat Lyonel and all out.)*

*Grub.* So, so, now lock the Door upon 'm *Toby*

*[Toby locks the Door.]*

*Cockl.* Bravely fought, i'faith, why, Uncle, you beat the Mad-man too, you fought like *Scanderbeg*; you are not hurt, I hope.

*Grub.* No, hang 'em, they are all *Polltroons*, Rogues that have no more Souls in 'em than so many Fleas, therefore hear me once more, and mark me well: If thou dost not instantly break this damn'd Custom, and make thy Wife know her self, I'll desert thee for ever, never see thy Face, but leave thee to ensuing Rags and Poverty, a thing not worthy for the Dogs to piss upon.

*Tob.* Ne're think to see honest *Toby* again neither, I'm too proud of my Parts, to serve a Beggar, I thank ye.

*Cockl.* Do you really think my Wife deceives me then?

*Grub.* 'sbud, think it, 'tis past thinking, for I know it.

*Tob.* Sir, she came Home at three a Clock yesterday Morning, and was led up Stairs between two Thundring Whoremasters, one had a great Patch on's Nose, you may guess by what, and there they were two Hours in her Chamber: What they did there, the Lord knows.

*Cockl.* 'Tis likely, they were Plotting my Preferment.

*Grub.* Plotting to make thee a Guckold, that's your Preferment.

*Tob.* And a Beggar most certainly.

*Grub.* For she knows no End in Lavishing.

*Tob.* And for Eating and Drinking, she's the very Devil, her Belly is a meer Parson's Barn, all your Tenants pay Tyth to't, and yet 'tis never satisfyed.

*Cockl.* The Truth is, she has been given to take a Cup, of late.

*Grub.* A Cup, 'dsheart I have seen her as Maundina a Midwife at a Crying out.

*Tob.* And when she's in her Beer, she's wondrous Chast; No doubt.

*Grub.* Come, come, once more I say send for her, for my Part, I shall have no Patience if I see her: send for her I say, and pack her into the Country, instantly, or never see my Face more.

*Cockl.* Well, Sir, your Hearty Love, and Reasons have prevail'd, it shall be so.

*Grub.* It shall?

*Cockl.* Yes, Sir, it shall be so.

*Grub.* Why, that's well said, Gad, I'll slap thee down another Hundred Pounds in my Will for this, and let Wives know their Duty.

*Cockl.* She has lost a Plaguey deal of Mony lately, at this damn'd *Basset*; that's the Truth on't.

*Grub.* A Mint, a Mint, the Devil and all, I know it, for 'tis a greater Cheat, than the *Lottery*; 'tis just like giving a man twenty Pounds. to let you lose 100.

*Cockl.* But she shall have no more, Uncle.

*Grub.* Thou'rt in the right, Boy, it makes 'em Wild and Wanton. I make my young Jade at home leap at a Crook'd Ninepence: give a Wife Money, give her a Pudding.

*Cockl.* Mine has had the *Indies*.

*Grub.* Ay, *Jacky*, thou hadst better have sent her thither by Half, take heed for the future, now hold fast, and prosper, I'll presently take Horse, and tell thy Tenants such a Story; this will be joyful News at *Plowden*, farewell, good *Jacky*, be but resolute, and then the Devil, I mean, thy Wife will have no Power over thee.

*Tob.* Blessings go along with ye, Sir, you have made me a New-Man too.

*Grub.* Farewel, Honest *To*, I shall see thee in the Country shortly, now little *To*. where we'll crack a Flagon, and roast Apples, ye Rogue. Farewel. Nephew, God-b'w'y. To, your most humble Servant, good Nephew----- Come, my Horse, my Horse there. [Exit *Grub*.]

*Cockl.* Good Journey to'e, Sir, I'll be with ye to Morrow.

*Tob.* Oom! I could leap for Joy, this is the happiest Day.

*Cockl.* Go, *Toby*, and call your Mistress.

*Tob.* But shall she not prevail, Sir, and out-talk ye----- as she us'd to do? For you know she has a plaguy Tongue.

*Cockl.* I'll not hear her, but rail at her till I am ten Miles off.

*Tob.* If you are forty, so much the better, Sir, for she's so shrill, that, if the Wind sit right, she'll sound from hence to *Barnet*.

*Cockl.* Go, go, call her hither.

*Tob.* I could leap out of my Skin, my Heart's so light, a Plague o' this stinking Town! now we shall get a little Air, and go a Hunting, and a Fishing agen. [*Exit.*

*Cockl.* Why, what a thing was I, that such a Creature as a Wife could rule me? Do not I know that Woman first was made for Man's Diversion: she shall know now, a thing that few—— do, She has a Husband that can govern her.

*Enter Toby hastily.*

*Tob.* She's coming, Sir, and in a Plaguy Fret. Stand upon your Guard, Sir.

*Enter Aurelia.*

*Aur.* What Planet reigns? or what mad Whimsy have you now i'th' Head, that makes you call me from my Rest, that know I have not been in Bed all Night?

*Cockl.* Oh, you shall go to Bed betimes hereafter, and shall be rais'd again at thrifty Hours.

*Aur.* What does he mean!

*Cockl.* I'll have no more of your Court Tricks, your Honours, your Offices, and all your large Preferments I'll be content to lose: for, to be plain w'ye,

I now at last begin to smell a Rat,  
And understand too late what you'd be at.

*Aur.* The Man is mad sure!

*Cockl.* The Woman would have him so; but it shall be a Country Madness then, for I'll be gone this Morning.

*Aur.*

*Aur.* Very fine; and who's Advice is this, Sir, I beseech ye, your Swabber *Toby's*?

*Tob.* I shall have my Head broke, I see by her Looks.

*Cockl.* No one's Advice, good Wife, but my own Reason; therefore make ready.

*Aur.* Sir, I hope you'll stay till the next Ball be past however.

*Cockl.* Not I: I have been Balling on't too long, you have kept me here these seven Years a Balling, treating your Friends, and wasting all my Substance in Riot and Fine Cloaths, which was the way you told me to be preferr'd: but I find no such matter, therefore make ready, and in that Gown which you came first to Town in, your Grogam-Safe-guard and Hood suitable. Thus on a double Gelding shall you amble, and my Man *Toby* shall be set before ye.

*Tob.* Hem, hem, well said, Old Stiff Rump, i'faith, I begin to take Heart a little.

*Aur.* And will you go then in earnest?

*Cockl.* Yes faith will I, and how dare you oppose my Will and Pleasure? Was not the Man ordain'd to rule his Wife?

*Aur.* True, Sir, but where the Man does miss his way, it is the Woman's part to set him right; so Fathers have a right to guide their Sons in all their Courses, yet you oft have seen poor little Children that have both their Eyes lead their blind Fathers.

*Cockl.* She has a Plaguy Wit.

*Tob.* A devillish one, Sir, therefore take care of her, she'll talk ye mad else.

*Cockl.* Come, come, you're but a little piece of Man.

*Aur.* But such a Piece as being taken away, what would Man do? The fairest, tallest Ship that ever sail'd, is by a little Piece of the same Wood steer'd right and turn'd about.

*Cockl.* Ay, that's all one, you shall steer me no longer; I'll keep my Rudder in my own hand now.

*Tob.* Well said agen i'gad, a Plague, how the Jade learns now!

[*Aside.*

*Aur.* 'Tis your Clownish Uncle, I know, that hath put this into your Head, who is an Enemy to your Preferment, because I should not take place of his Wife; Come, by this Kiss, Sweet Heart, thou shalt not go.

*Cockl.*

*Cockl.* By this other Kiss, Sweet-heart, I will, and therefore on with your Trinkets; I know your Tricks. And if Preferment falls e're you are ready, 'tis welcome, else farewell to Court, i' Faith.

*Anrel.* Well, Sir, since you are resolv'd, I must obey.

*Cockl.* You must, therefore about it.

*Tob.* Ay, ay, you must, you must, there's no more to be said.

*Cockl.* Go, go, get ready. Women are pleasant things when once a Man begins to know himself.

*Anr.* But bark ye, Sir, because you use me thus, though I did look for present Honour this Morning for ye and at such an Hour, yet if it does not come e're I am ready, which I will be the sooner, lest it should, when I am once set on a Countrey Life, not all the Power of Earth shall alter me, not all your Prayers, or Threats shall make me speak the least Word to my Honourable Friends, to do you any Grace.

*Cockl.* With all my Heart.

*Anr.* And never more hope to be Honourable

*Cockl.* Not I, I have been tyr'd with hoping, if that be Court Preferment, I have enough on't.

*Anr.* Nor to live greatly, you shall be so far from the Name of Honour, that you shall never see a Lord again.

*Cockl.* Why, what care I, if you had never seen one, I think your Honour had been ne're the worse for't.

*Anr.* But amongst Sheep and Oxen you shall live at home bespotted with your own lov'd Dirt, in nasty Cloaths, as you were us'd to do, and, to oblige you, I will live so too.

*Cockl.* And 'twill become ye well, come, the Day wears, therefore make hast, it shall be my Care to see your Stuff pack'd up--

*Toby*----- come.

[*Exit Cockle.*

*Tob.* Ay, ay, Sir, here am I, Lord, how she looks now! [*Ex.*

*Anr.* It shall be my Care to gull you, my wife Husband. You shall stay, and more than that intreat me too, you shall have Honours presently. Who's there?

*Enter*



*The Fool's Preferment; Or,**Enter Maria.**Mar.* Madam.*Aur.* Prithce, bring hither Pen, Ink, and Paper, quickly.*Mar.* 'Tis ready, Madam ----- what's the Matter?*Aur.* Your Master will not stay in Town, he says, unless Preferment fall within an Hour. *[Sits down, and writes.]**Mar.* Let him command one of the City Gates, the *Mobile* are mutinying, or get him made a Constable, and walk the Rounds at Midnight, to catch Drunkards, any thing that has Hurry in't will please him.*Aur.* No, no, I have it for him, I have been prepar'd a good while for this Occasion: and when the World shall see what I have done, Let it not move the Spleen of any Wife, to see me make an Ass of my dear Husband. If they are Just, and know well how to use a Woman, then it were a Sin to wrong 'em, but when they grow conceited of themselves, and Ill performers, then shew 'em no Mercy. Here, Carry this Letter to young *Clermont*, and bid him and his Friends come hither instantly, and do as I have order'd there.*Mar.* It shall be done, Madam. A Duce take him, I warrant he intends to pack us into the Country, to weed his Barley, or churn his Butter; but we'll churn him, and make Butter of his Brains first, here's that will fit him. *[Exit.]**Aur.* In the mean time, I'll go and dress my self,

In all the Country Cloaths, I us'd before,

Not to be gone, but make the Mirth the more. *[Ex. Aurelia.]**Re-enter Cockle-brain, and Toby, laden with Riding Equipage.**Cockl.* Is all pack'd up, *Toby*?*Tob.* All, all, Sir, there is no Tumbler runs through his Hoop, with more dexterity, than I about this Business, 'tis a Day, that I have long'd to see.*Cockl.* Come, where's my Boots?*[Sits down.]**Tob.* Here, here, Sir, and now y'are a made man.*Cockl.*

*Cockl.* Ay, *Toby*, now thou shalt know, I can command my Wife.

*Tob.* I am glad to see it, Sir.

*Cockl.* I do not love always to be made a Puppy, *Toby*.

*Tob.* No, Sir, but yet methinks your Worship does not look right like a Country Gentleman.

*Cockl.* I will presently; give me my tother Hat----

*Tob.* Here, Sir.

*Cockl.* So, now my Jerkin.

*Tob.* Yes, Sir.

*Cockl.* On with it, *Toby*, thou and I will live so finely in the Country, *Toby*, and have such pleasant Walks into the Woods, and then bring home Riding-Rods, and Walking-Staves.

*Tob.* And I will carry 'em, Sir, and sturdy Sticks for the Children.

*Cockl.* So thou shalt, and thou shalt do all, oversee my Work-folks, and at the Weeks End pay 'em all their Wages.

*Tob.* Yes, Sir, if your Worship gives me Money.

*Cockl.* Thou shalt eat Money, Man.

*Tob.* Beef, Beef, and't like your Worship: as for eating of Money, let that alone.

*Cockl.* Give me my Trowzes, and I will make my Wife, thy Mistress, look to her Dairy well, and to her Landrey, that we may have our Linnen clean on *Sundays*.

*Tob.* And *Holydays*, Sir.

*Cockl.* Ay, and e'er we walk about the Grounds provide our Breakfast, or she shall smok; I'll make her a good Housewife; she now shall make no Journey to her Sisters, but live at home and feed her Poultry fat, and see her Maids in Bed before her, and lock all the Doors.

*Tob.* Rare, rare, Sir, Why, this will be a Life for King and Queens.

*Cockl.* Come, give me my Buff-Belt, and Hanger.

*Tob.* 'Tis done, Sir.

*Cockl.* So, this is as it should be; now, my Gloves.

*Tob.* Here they are, Sir.

*Cockl.* A Riding-Rod now, Come.

*Tob.* There's nothing wanting, Sir.

*Cockl.* So, so, How dost thou like me now, hab? *[A knock]*

*Tob.* Exceeding well, Sir; Now your Worship looks just like your self; A Man of Means and Credit; so did your wife and famous Ancestors ride up and down to Fairs to cheapen Cattle.

*Cockl.* Go, hasten your Mistress, and make ready, I long to be on Horse-back.

*Tob.* I'll be ready in a Twinkling, Sir; never was Man so jocund; 'ds heart, I could dance all the way. *[Ex. Toby.]*

*Enter Clermont and Foot-man.*

*Cler.* Who's that? Who's that, Friend?

*Foot.* I know not, Sir, I think it is my Master.

*Cler.* Who, he that walks in Gray, whisking his Riding-Rod?

*Foot.* Yes, Sir, 'tis he.

*Cler.* 'Tis he indeed, and at all Points prepar'd for his new Journey: Sirrah, when I wink upon ye, run out and tell the Gent. below, 'tis time.

*Foot.* I will, Sir.

*Cler.* *Mc Cockle-brain.* Good Morrow 'ye.

*Cockl.* The same to you, Sir, this is one of my Wife's Court-Friends; how simply he looks now, to see me in this Dress: My Wife's within, Sir, but she's busied.

*Cler.* As she pleases, Sir; my Business is now with you.

*Cockl.* With me, Sir! Your Pleasure?

*Cler.* 'Tis reported, Sir, I know not whether by some Enemy, maliciously, that envies your great Merit, and wou'd be ready to sow Discontents between his Majesty and you; or truly, which on my Faith I would be sorry for, that you intend in haste to leave the Court.

*Cockl.* Faith, Sir, within this half-Hour. *[Toby.]*

*Tob. within.]* Sir.

*Cockl.* Is my Wife ready?

*Tob. within.]* Presently, Sir.

*Cler.* But, Sir, I needs must tell you, as a Friend, you should have taken your Journey privater; for 'tis already blaz'd about the Court.

*Cockl.* Why, Sir, I hope 'tis no Treason, is't?

*Cler.*



*Cler.* 'Tis true, Sir; but 'tis grown the common Talk: there's no News else, in Town; and in the Presence, all the Nobility and Gentry have nothing in their Mouths, but only this, That Mr. Cockle-brain, that Noble Courtier, is now departing hence: Every Man's Face looks ghastly on his Fellows; such a Sadness, before this day, I ne'er beheld at Court; Mens Hearts begin to fail 'em, when they hear it.

*Cockl.* Sir, I had rather all their Hearts should fail 'em, than I stay here untill my Purse fail me.

*Cler.* But yet you are a Subject; and beware, I charge you, by the Love I bear to you, how you do venture rashly on a Course to make your Sovereign jealous of your Deeds.

For Princes Jealousies, where they love most,

Are quickly found, but they are hardly lost.

*Cockl.* Sir, I know not what you mean by this! All the Love that I have found at Court, is, They have let me spend my Money there.

*Cler.* Have I not still profess'd my self your Friend?

*Cockl.* Yes, yes. You have all profess'd, but you ne'er prov'd so yet.

*Cler.* Now, Sir, I will then; because I see you are wise, and give you thus much light into a Business, that came to me just now. Be resolute, stand stiffly to it, that you will be gone, and presently.

*Cockl.* Troth, 'Tis what I intend.

*Cler.* And, by this Light, you may be what you will. Will you be secret, Sir?

*Cockl.* Ay. What's the matter?

*Cler.* The King does fear you.

*Cockl.* Sir!

*Cler.* And is now in Council about you.

*Cockl.* About me!

*Cler.* About you, Sir, I tell you; you will find he is in Council about you: his Councillours have told him all the Truth.

*Cockl.* What Truth have they told him?

*Cler.* Why, Sir, that which now he knows too well.

*Cockl.* Too well! Prithee what is't? If any Rogue has sworn Treason against me now, I am in a fine Condition!

[Aside.  
*Cler.*

*Cler.* That you have follow'd him these seven Years, with a great Train, and though he has not grac'd ye, yet you have divid into the Hearts of thousands with Liberality and Noble Carriage: And if you should depart hence unprefer'd, all discontented and seditious Spirits would flock to you, and thrust you into Action; with whose Help and your Tenants, if you were so dispos'd, who does know, how great a Part of this yet Peaceful Realm, you might make desolate: But when the King heard this!

*Cockl.* What said he?  
*Cler.* He sneez'd, and shook, as never Monarch shook'd before. And to be short, you may be what you will: but be not Ambitious, Sir, sit down with moderate Honours, lest you make your self more fear'd.

*Cockl.* I know not what to think of this: his Looks are very serious.

*Cler.* The Gudgeon bites. Oh, here comes Longoville.

*Enter Longoville.*

*Long.* Where's Mr. Cockle-brain?

*Cler.* There, Sir, he stands: would you ought with him?

*Long.* I should hardly sweat thus else. Good Morrow, Sir.

*Cockl.* With all my heart, Sir.

*Long.* His Majesty does recommend himself most kindly to you, Sir.

*Cockle.* His Majesty?

*Long.* Yes, Sir, and has, by me, sent you this Favour, kneel down, and rise a Knight.

*Cockl.* A Knight, Sir?

*Long.* A Knight, Sir, and he does farther request you, not to leave the Court so soon; for though your former Merits were neglected, after this time, there shall no Office fall, but you shall stand fair for't as any Man.

*Cler.* What think you now, Sir? Hark you, a Word in your Ear: if you yield yet you are a Novice.

*Cockl.* Do you think so? [Softly aside.

*Cler.* Most certainly, therefore be resolute.

*Cockl.*

*Cockl.* I understand you; a Knight, let me see; a Knight. Sir John Cockle-brain! No: it won't do. Besides, I have known a Cheese-monger a Knight; a hundred Sniveling, addle-headed Citizens for Cheating, knighted: and Pimps and Cuckolds innumerable: No, no; I must go, I must desire his Majesty to excuse me.

*Long.* I'll bear your Knightly Words straight to the King, and send his Princely Answer back again. [Ex. Longo.]

*Cler.* Very well done, Sir, stand out stiffly, a while, 'twill be the better: I know there is a Tide of Honours coming.

*Cockle.* But with my stiff Standing, if I should lose my Knighthood, I should wish I had been more limber.

*Cler.* Oh, never fear, Sir, 'tis impossible: Hark, there's a Noise below: 's Death, here's my Lord what de'e call him: pull down your Hat over your Eyes, look Grave and Sullen. So, so.

Enter Bewford.

*Bew.* Where is this new made Knight?

*Cockl.* Hem, hem; who's that? here I am.

*Bew.* Let me embrace you first within my Arms: then call you Lord. The King will have it so: who does intreat your Lordship, to remember his Message, sent to you by Longville.

*Cler.* If you are sneaking, and dare mount no higher, you may yield now. I know what I would do.

*Cockl.* Peace, he observes us. A Lord, I Hum, to be Lord Cockle-brain! Pox, I know a Crook-back'd Fidler call'd a Lord: No, no, this is too light too. Besides I have been sick of a Lord, ever since I met my Lord Mayor t'other Day, ty'd to his Horse, and with a great Brass Chain about his Neck, weighing of Butter.

*Bew.* You'll return the King some Answer, my Lord.

*Cockl.* Yes, my Lord, you may thank his Majesty, but the Lordship is too light. I must be gone, were he Ten Thousand Kings and Emperours.

*Bew.* I'll tell him what you say, Sir, but I know he'll be extremely concern'd.

Long.

**Long.** Oh damnably! the Rogue does it to a Hair. Away, away.

**Bew.** I must, or I shall laugh in's Face. [Ex. Bew.]

**Cler.** Why, this was like your self, my Lord.

**Cockl.** I think so; The Devil's in't, if that was not stiff enough. But if I should lose this Lordship by Fooling, my Wife would be plaguily angry. A Ladyship, you know is a pretty Bawble, enough for her to play with.

**Cler.** Oh, you'll have a bigger Bawble, I warrant you for her to play with. See, see, here comes t'other again.

*Enter Longville.*

**Long.** Give me your honour'd Hand, right Courteous Peer, and from hence forth be a Noble Marquess, the King so wills, and Subjects must obey. Only he still desires you to consider his late Request.

**Cler.** Faith! You are well now, my Lord. I'd consent.

**Cockl.** 'sBud--- I'll be one Step higher, since I am so far.

**Cler.** Ha, ha, ha, 'Tis the finest Lord: I am afraid anon, he'll stand upon't to share the Kingdom with him.

**Long.** Pox on you. Speak lower.

**Cockl.** Troth, I must own the King is very gracious: but that scandalous Ballad of that abominable Marquess, and that damnable *Patience Grizel*, has made that Title so nauseous to me--- If his Majesty would but please to change that.

**Long.** Faith, my Lord, I believe you may be what you please. Here's another Messenger.

*Enter Bewford, and Footman carrying a Robe.*

**Bewf.** Make Room here. Where's this Noble Marquess? The King, my Lord, once more has sent me to you, and finding no Dignity above your Merit, so you will freely grant to his Proposal, he bids you be a Duke, and chuse off whence.

**Cler.** 'sHeart, if you yield not now, you are undone: What can you wish to have more than the Kingdom?

*Cockl.*

*The three Dukes of Dunstable.*

*Cockl.* Why then, so please his Majesty, I would be Duke of Dunstable; Because I like the Sound.

*Bewf.* 'Tis very apt, Sir: I know the King is pleased. There's your Patent with a Blank.

*Cockl.* Pray give his Majesty Thanks, Sir; and you may tell him now that I will stay.

*Bewf.* He'll be a glad man when he hears it, Sir.

*Cler.* I must have vent to laugh, or I shall burst. [Aside.

*Bewf.* Keep your Countenance, and be hang'd.

*Long.* But how shall we keep it from the Worlds Ear, that none undeceive him?

*Cler.* We'll think of that anon: Why, Gentlemen, is this a gracious Habit for a Duke? For Heaven's sake each one employ his Hand to pluck the Clouds off from this Radiant Sun, that must shine on us all---- I'll pluck one Boot and Spur off.

*Long.* And I another.

*Bewf.* This scurvey Hat, and plaguy Peruke, do not become his Grace's sprouting Fore-head: For Shame let's off with 'em.

*Long.* Now set your Duke-like Foot to this of mine, one pluck will do it.

*Cockl.* Hold! Hold! thou'lt pluck my Leg off; prithee go more gingerly to work; my Grace is yet but tender.

*Long.* My Lord, I beg your Pardon.

*Cockl.* Well--- you have it, Friend.

*Cler.* So, now off with this Jerkin, and throw away that Riding-Rod.

*Bewf.* Here, here: on with the new Robe the King has sent.

*Cockl.* Robe----- 'Tis but an odd sort of a Robe, methinks: Prithee, what's the Name on't?

*Bewf.* My Lord, 'Tis call'd a *Solyman*: 'Tis made in Imitation of the new *Sultana's*; this Mode is for the great Lords, as t'other for the great Ladies.

*Cockl.* Oh! ho! is it so? [They put it on.

*Long.* So, So, Where are his Grace's Slippers?

*Enter*



## The Fool's Preferment; Or,

*Enter Toby, booted and dress'd for a Journey.*

*Tob.* Come, come, Sir, all's ready: The Horses are brought out; The Pillion on, and my Mistress stays in the Hall. Ownz! what's here to do? What a Devil do you mean, Sir?

*Cockl.* My Slippers, *Toby*, my Slippers.

[Gravely.

*Tob.* Slippers! 'bud, will you ride a Journey in your Slippers?

*Long.* Oh thou mighty Duke! Pardon this Man, that thus has trespass'd in his Ignorance. Here are your Grace's Slippers,

*Cockl.* The poor Fellow is honest--- I pardon him.

*Tob.* Why, what's the matter?

*Cler.* Fellow, he's a Duke. The King has rais'd him above all the Land.

[*Toby starts, and then kneels.*

*Tob.* A Duke! Oh, that ever I was born! Do you hear, Sir, Do you know what I am, pray?

*Cler.* Chief Gentleman o'th' Chamber; Secretary, any thing, what you please: you may be a Lord in time, if things go right.

[*To Long.*

*Tob.* D'ye hear, Friend? Prithee pull off my Boots too.

*Cockl.* No, let them alone, and get thee into the Countrey presently, and tell my Uncle what has happen'd.

*Tob.* 'Heart, here's Luck for you. I'll post thither instantly, and tell his Uncle this amazing News. Oh what dull Dunghill Countrey Rogues are we! A Duke! 'sheart, we shall be all Lords at least.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Aurelia, dress'd awkwardly for a Journey.*

*Aur.* Thus to your Will, as every good Wife ought, I have bent all my Thoughts, and now am ready.

*Cockl.* Oh Madam! I am not worthy to kiss the least of all your Grace's Toes, much less your Thumb, which yet I would be bold with. All your Council has been to me as prudent as an Angel's, but mine to thee as dirty as my Boots. Dear Dutcheffs, there's no going now, we must both stay.

*Aur.*

The three Dukes of Dunstable.

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*Mare.* Pray, Sir, don't mock me, nor make me dress and undress like a Fool, because you find me easy: said I not, the whole World should not alter me, if once I were resolv'd; therefore let's away.

*Cockl.* Behold, a Knight does kneel.

[Kneels.

*Aur.* A Knight indeed, and a noble one.

*Cockl.* A Lord.

*Aur.* A Fool!

*Cockl.* I say a Lord does kneel, nay a Duke.

*Cler.* In Trowles, Madam.

*Bemf.* Without Shoes.

*Aur.* Are you all mad?

*Long.* No, gracious Lady, if you dare credit your faithful Servant's Word, Your Husband's made a Duke.

*Aur.* What think you now, Sir?

*Cockl.* Ah dear, dear Dutcheffs! I am made by thee for ever, and here in Token, that all strife shall end, 'twixt Thee and Me, I let my Trowles fall, and to thy Hands I do deliver 'em, To signify, that in all Acts and Speeches, From this time forth my Wife shall wear the Breeches.

[Exit Cockl.]

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Grub, and Phillida.

*Phil.* WELL avads! You are welcome home a thousand times, dear *Hubby*; and will my Cousin be here so soon do you say?

*Grub.* Ay, I have laid it home to him, i'faith! I have made a new Man of him! we shall have no more Court Fooleries now.

*Phil.* Why, *Hubby*, is not the Court a fine Place then?

*Grub.* Not half so fine a Place as my Barn is in Harvest-time.

*Phil.* What, and so many tall, young, handsome, Scotch, French and Irish Was there, that come for Preferment? Why, *Hubby*, I heard here that my Cousin *Cockle-brain* was to have been made a Lord.

*Grub.* A Lord! A Loggerhead he would have been made, had not I clear'd his Eye-sight, what with his Wife's Tattling, and her Bullies Bantring him with Honours and Titles, he was almost mad amongst 'em: but I rouz'd him, i'faith! I got the better of him at last, and made him forswear ever coming near that damn'd Town again. I expect him here to morrow; He's upon his Journey by this time.

*Phil.* What has he forsworn sweet *London*, to come and live sneaking here in the Country, *Hubby*?

*Grub.* Sweet *London*! 'sbud I warrant this Fool thinks it pay'd with Nutmegs and Ginger; ha, ha:--- besides, why sneaking, you Baggage? why sneaking?

*Phil.* Why is not our Countrey Life a sneaking Life, *Hubby*?

*Grub.* No, *Hubby*, and let me hear you call it so agen, if you dare: I shall have her get an Itch of seeing this sweet *London*, and run away from me there, if I han't a Care. [Aside.

*Phil.*

*Phil.* Nay, Dear, pray don't be angry! what Preferment can my Cousin expect here?

*Grub.* 'Bud, is he not Lord of a Mannor? which he may thank me for too, for that was just degrading, had not I been in the way, and exercis'd upon him: besides, if he wants more Preferment, he may be a *Justice of Peace*, as I am: Lash the Whores out of the Countrey; live goddily, and take Bribes, ye silly Jade.

*Enter Toby.*

*Phil.* He's coming, *Hubby*, for look here comes his Man, *Mr. Toby*.

*Grub.* 'Tis he, i'faith! What, *Toby*— my Friend, *Toby*! welcome, faith: Spouse, go lay down the Pheasant: Roger thot this Morning: I suppose my Cousin's alighted at the Gate, and we must get something to entertain him; go, go; why don't you move? now I see, *Toby*, he's a Man of his Word. Ownds run, lay down the Pheasant, I say.

*Tob.* Your Pheasant must fly into *St. James's Park* if you intend to treat him, I can tell you that.

*Grub.* Why, is not he come?

*Tob.* No, nor like to come, that's more, *Old Fellow*.

*Grub.* How, Sauce-box! What's that you say? Will he break his Word with me? does the Rascal dare to affront me?

*Tob.* Rascal! Have a Care what you say, Friend, I have sworn Homage to my Prince, and hold my Place by my Fidelity, therefore, Friend, keep good Words in your Mouth. You are but a *Justice of Peace*.

*Grub.* But a *Justice of Peace*! Why, you sawcy Rascal, what would you have me be, a *Cherubim*? Here's an insolent Rogue! He makes nothing of a *Justice of Peace*.

*Tob.* Not in Comparison of his Grace, or my self, I thank ye.

*Grub.* His Grace! whose Grace, Dog? 'bud, speak quickly, and don't plague me with these Riddles, or old Crab shall fly about your Ears? Why does that Scab, your Master, use me thus? and where is he?

*Tob.* His Mighty Grace is at his House, I suppose.

*Grub.* Mighty Grace!

*Phil.* Nay, nay, *Hubby*, prithee do not call my Court-Nephew such Names!

*Tob.* Ay, ay, Old Mole-hill! things are alter'd since thou and I met at *London*: to be short, the King has made your Nephew Duke of *Dunstable*: now repent of what is past, and extend your Manners to me, as my Place deserves, or look to't. I shall stick upon your Skirts: I shall *grub* ye!

*Grub.* The Duke of *Dunstable*, Oons!

*Tob.* Even so, Sir, and greatest Favourite at Court, no better, nor no worse, Sir.

*Grub.* But, *Toby*, dost not thou dream? Art sure?

*Tob.* Sir, I'll hold no Discourse without my Tide. If you want Court-Breeding, I'll teach you some. I am stid' now Mr. Secretary.

*Grub.* Mr. Secretary!

*Tob.* A little Step to future Dignity. About two Years hence I expect to be a Duke my self.

*Grub.* The Devil you do! This must be down-right Madness.

*Tob.* Believe so, and be wretched!

*Grub.* Nay, nay, I beseech you, good Mr. Secretary, be not angry! 'Tis such high News it almost gravels me: I desire only to be satisfy'd, and if you are sure my Nephew is a Duke.

*Tob.* As sure as you are Justice *Grub*, Sir.

*Grub.* And that's pretty sure indeed. Gadzooks, if this be true I have undone my self; I call'd him Son of a Whore! But, Mr. Secretary, I have great Confidence in your Worship's Patience and Mercy.

*Tob.* Well, Mr. Justice, I can wink at Faults.

*Grub.* But if the Sun should dazzle now!

*Tob.* Yet more Doubts! Have you a Nose on your Face?

*Grub.* A Nose! Yes, yes, I am sure I have a Nose.

*Tob.* Why then I am sure he is a Duke.

*Phil.* O Gemini! If our Nephew be a Duke, I wonder what I am, *Hubby*!

*Grub.*



*Grub.* A Fool, *Hubby*. Pox, prithee hold thy peace; I'll tell thee more anon: this is the rarest News! We are all made for ever.

*Tob.* I saw the Courtiers bow, and heard 'em cry, Good Health and Fortune to my Lord the Duke; God bless him, cries another; and to his Grace's right Hand, the Worshipful Mr. *Secretary*, says a third: And when I came away to bring this News, his Chamber was hung with Nobles like the Presence.

*Grub.* I heartily thank you, Sir, I am satisfy'd. Why, Great as he is, he is my Kinsman, Mr. *Secretary*; I am his poor unworthy Uncle.

*Tob.* That's true, Sir; but I could with his Greatness could make him lose his Memory; you have been formerly a little sawcy with him, you know, Justice.

*Grub.* I have so indeed, a great Failing in troth: I am asham'd on't heartily; and will repent and mend. What, I warrant his ingenious Lady was the Means of all this!

*Tob.* Even so, Sir; You know I was for having you swinge her, Gadzooks, I would not have her know it for a 1000*l*.

*Grub.* Nor I have done it for Ten thousand.

*Tob.* For she has ferk'd out all our Preferments upon her own Anvil, as cleverly as a Smith would do a Ten penny Nail.

*Grub.* Ah, I always thought her an ingenious Person. But now to see what Fortune some Men have! I might have been a Duke too, if I had had but Luck. I had an Estate and a Wife as fair as his, that could have brook'd the Court as well as his, and laid about her for her Husband's Honour. Ah, *Toby*, had I ever dreamt of this!

*Tob.* Yet again, Sir?

*Grub.* I cry your Mercy, good Mr. *Secretary*.

*Tob.* Why faith, Sir, it came above our Expectation: we were wise only in seeking to undo this Honour: which shew'd our Dung-hill Breeding, and our Dirt.

*Grub.* 'Tis very true, we were both arrant Puppies, Mr. *Secretary*. 'Tis as his Noble Grace hath often said, we understood just nothing.

*Tob.* 'Tis Time then that we now improve our selves, that rising,

as we may, with our great Master, we may attain some Wisdom with our Places, and not be Fools in Office, Mr. Justice.

*Grub.* Right; and Troth this Grandeur of the Duke's, my Nephew, I cry thy Mercy that I am familiar, methinks should make for us. Hum!

*Tob.* How the Fates may order in this poor Thread of Life, as yet I know not; but I think I was not born to hold a Trencher: Let Time rowl on, I shall see what 'twill come to!

*Grub.* Well, The first thing I'll do, I'll fit my Wife for the Court; Buy her new Cloaths, and Trinckets.

*Tob.* That's the Way, Sir.

*Grub.* I was a dull Countrey Clod, to let my Nephew rise and get the start before me. But I'll dispatch and put my self in Money.

*Phil.* To buy me fine Cloaths, *Hubby!* O Gemini! And must I go to Court then; And see the fine Houses, and the fine Houses, and the fine Gentlemen that I have dreamt of a thousand times, when you have been talking the Night before, ivads I have, *Hubby.*

*Grub.* Thou shalt see all: It shall go hard but I'll have Preferment too. I'll about this Money instantly.

*Phil.* Oh Gemini! I could leap out of my Skin for Joy methinks!

*Tob.* You do well, Sir, and now you talk of Money, the former Business, for taking up the five hundred Pounds, must be dispatch'd; This little Plat in the Countrey lies most fit to do his Grace such serviceable Uses.

*Grub.* By no means, Mr. Secretary; his Grace shall have it of me, 'twill be a Courtly Complement, to introduce my self.

*Tob.* Why, Troth, I thought so, but would not be too forward.

*Grub.* Oh, by all means, Sir, come, come! pray walk in, Wife, conduct Mr. Secretary into the Buttery; and desire him to take a Glass of what we have: And d'ye hear, recommend your self handsomely to the great Duke, our Kinsman, and his Dutches; and write them word you shall attend 'em suddenly. I'll go and dispatch these Bills, and follow you. Zooks! I hardly know where I am.

*Tob.*

*Tob.* Sir, I shall wait on you.

*Grub.* By no means, Sir, 'tis much below your Place.

*Phil.* Come, sweet Mr. Secrecy, please to walk in, I know not what to get that's good enough for you, for ivads you have made me a joyful Creature!

*Tob.* Keep your Joy till you come to Court, pretty Mistress!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Grub.* And that shall be quickly, i'faith, since there are Duke-doms, and Don-ships, and the Devil and all to be gotten so easily: I'll trouble my self no more with Sowing and Reaping; but laugh and lye at Ease, let the Weather change as it will: I know I shall be a Devil of a Courtier the first Year; But what then, my Wife shall shine for us both.

And toy and treat, whilst I wink at the Matter,

But for the rest, odzooks, I'll watch her Water.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I. Cockle-brain's House.

*Enter Aurelia, Longoville, Bewford and Clermont.*

*Aur.* It must be carried closely with a Care, that no Man speak to him, or come near him without our private Knowledge, and then my good dull, honest, drowsie Husband you shall not hinder me from the Pleasure of *Basset*: And I will go into the Countrey when I please, and not when you think fit.

*Long.* Let him be kept in's Chamber under Show of State, and Dignity, and no one suffer'd to see his Noble Face, or have Access, but we that are Conspirators.

*Bewf.* Or else down with him into the Countrey, amongst his Tenants, where he may live much safer in his Greatness, and play the Fool in Pomp amongst his Fellows.

*Aur.* No, he shall play the Fool in the City first: I will not lose the Honour of the Jest, that shall be given my Wit, for all his Land i'th Country.

*Cler.*

*The Fool's Preferment; Or,*

*Cler.* Alas, poor Duke! I do but think how he will sweat when he finds at last he is made an Ass on.

*Omn.* Ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Cler.* In the mean time we'll keep a Guard about his Person, that no Man come too near him, and our selves always in Company have him into the City to see his Face swell, whilst in divers Corners some of our own appointing shall be ready to cry, Heaven bless your Grace, Long live your Grace.

*Aur.* 'Twill be rare Sport, and shall be as rarely follow'd: I'll teach him to rail at me for losing *Sonica*. To think Beauty, such as mine, was only fit to wither in the Countrey.

*Bewf.* Poor sordid Earth-worm!

*Aur.* I can scarce hold from open Laughter, when I hear him cry, comè hither, my sweet Dutchess; let me kiss thy gracious Lips: for this is still his Phrase. I shall fear nothing but his Legs will break under the mighty Weight of so much Greatness.

*Cler.* Hark, hark! He's coming: set your Faces right, and bow like Countrey Prologues. Here he comes. Room, Room, before there: The Duke is entring.

*Enter Cockle-brain, with Attendants.*

The choicest Blessings wait upon the Duke.

*Long.* And give him all Content and Happiness.

*Bewf.* Let his great Name live to the end of Time.

*Cockl.* I thank you all; and am pleas'd to give you Notice, at a fit Time, I shall consider of you: till when be near me: My dear Dutchess, prithee let thy Grace lend me thy Keys; there is a Book of Heraldry in thy Closet, I must peruse.

*Aur.* Here they are, my Lord.

*Long.* He does it to a Hair.

*Cler.* Is he not a Duke indeed? He's alter'd so, he's now scarce knowable.

*Cockl.* Get Candles there.

*Bewf.* Lights, Lights there for the Duke.

[*Ex. Cockl.*

*Aur.* His very Stile and Air alter'd: Why, here's the Effect of Grandeur, Gentlemen.

*Enter*

Enter Lyonel.

*Lyon.* The Duke! What Duke is this, ha? Do you know him?

*Aur.* 'Tis the poor mad Gentleman I told you of; he runs thus over all the Town, and where he finds a Door open, he enters.

*Lyon.* Or is the lucky Favourite made a Duke, He that has married *Celia*?

*Cler.* What *Celia*, Sir?

*Lyon.* I know not what I say, Sir: you shall not snap me: this is no Treason: I said only *Celia*, she was my Love, Sir, *in Diebus illis*, But now alas!

*Cler.* Where is she, Sir?

*Lyon.* Dead! Dead!

SINGS.

*In yonder Cowslip lies my Dear,  
Intomb'd with liquid Gems of Dew;  
Each day I'll water't with a Tear,  
Its fading Blossom to renew.*

Alas, poor Soul! the dy'd of the Heart-burning, in spite of the Benefit of Crabs Eyes or Spaw-water, Sir: you are an *Apothecary*.

*Long.* Alas, poor Wretch!

*Lyon.* You have a strange odd kind of an Apocryphal Phiz; methinks a Face that's full of hard Words: Zowns, Sir, d'ye come to pose me? I am a Scholar.

*Aur.* He knows it, Sir, and knows *Celia* too, who greets you kindly, and would not have you be so melancholly.

*Lyon.* Thank her; but 'tis too late, tell her!

SINGS.

*I'll lay me down and dy  
within some hollow Tree,  
The Raven and Cat, the Owl and Bat  
shall warble out my Elegy.*

G

How



How d'ye like that Dirge now, was it not quaint ?

*Enter Cockle-brain, with a Book.*

*Cockl.* I have found the Book of *Heraldry*.

*Lyon.* A Book of *Heraldry* ! Have you so, Sir ?

*Cockl.* How now ! Who's this ? Yes, Sir, that I have : what then ?

*Cler.* Here's like to be rare Sport !

*Anr.* We can't miss it, now the Fool and Madman are met.

*Lyon.* What then ? Why then, Sir, I suppose you were sent to dispute with me about King *Henry's* Title : Come on, Sir : I'll be cunning enough, I warrant you, Begin, state your Point.

*Cockl.* A strange sort of Fellow this ! does any here know him ?

*Cler.* I believe your Grace will find him a Male-content, sent by some Enemies that envy your new Greatness, to pump your Loyalty with a fallacious Argument about the King's Title.

*Cockl.* Oh, is that the Business ? Well ; I'll be prepar'd for him, I'll warrant ye : Come, Sir, sit down ; I'll clear this Business : *Henry of Hereford, Son of John of Gaunt.*

*Lyon.* Sir, I shall answer nothing, till these Witnesses depart the Room ; you must not think to trap me.

*Cockl.* Pray leave us together : I'll have no Man stay ; no not my Dutchess.

*Bewf.* Come, let's go, and behind the Hangings hear this fine Argument.

*[Exeunt.*

*[They sit.*

*Cockl.* *Henry of Hereford, Son of John a Gaunt, Impeach'd of Treason by Thomas Duke of Norfolk, demanded Combat.*

*Lyon.* Well, Sir, and what then ?

*Cockl.* Pray give me leave, Sir : But King *Richard* the second loving and fearing his great Uncle *Launcaster*, deferr'd the Fight, and banish'd both the Kingdom.

*Lyon.* Sir, give me better Reasons for his Banishment, or yield your self confuted.

*Cockl.* What, before we have half done. Pray give me leave, Sir.

*Lyon.* Pray, Sir, give me leave : I'll give you better Reasons, They swell within me, and must have vent.

*Cockl.*

Cockl. Will you but hear me, Sir?

Lyon. I'll hear nothing, Sir, till I have fill'd your Belly full of Reasons: I say, King *Richard*, Sir, forbid the Combat, doubting the Justice of his Kinsman's Cause; and therefore, Sir.

Cockl. I know what you infer, Sir.

Lyon. Sir, you know nothing: for then comes *Vortigern* the Saxon Monarch, and cuts off the Entail.

Cockl. Ownds, what Entail? The Devil's in this Fellow; He's running back to the beginning of the World, if I don't contradict him: why what has *Vortigern* to do with *Richard* the second?

Lyon. How, Sir, not to do with him? Did they not combat on the Bank of *Humber*, and thump each other soundly for the Kingdom, with Batts and Sand-bags?

Cockl. No, Sir, that ever I could read.

Lyon. Why then you are a Traytor, and I arrest you of High Treason, for not knowing History better, and seize you on the behalf of *Vortigern*.

Cockl. Pox on *Vortigern* and you too. Seize me? alas, poor Fellow! know'st thou who I am?

Lyon. I care not what you are: Come along to Prison, and willingly, or I'll plume thee as a Hawk does a Partridge.

Cockl. The Devil is certainly in this Fellow: within there? who waits?

Lyon. Do you rebel? Thus I claim the Combate. [beats Cockl.]

Cockl. Help, Help, here. [Enter Footmen.]

Enter Aurelia, Clermont, Longoville, and Bewford.

Aur. How now? Alas, what's the matter here?

Cockl. Help, help thy Duke here!

Cler. Take him off; forbear his Grace's Person.

Lyon. A Horse; a Horse; my Kingdom for a Horse: What's here, a Woman, charging at their Army's Head? then we are betray'd.

I'll mount to yon, blue Coelum,  
To shun these Female Gypsies;  
I'll play at Bowles with Sun and Moon,  
And scare ye with Eclipses.

*Long.* Away, away with him.

*Lyon.* How, seiz'd! then here's my Ransom: This was my Father's Sword, I'll call it *Vortigern*: It lightens when I draw it, and when I strike it thunders!

*Bewf.* Away with him, the Man's mad. How does your Grace?

*Cockl.* Indifferent well; but I believe he has broke my Head with the Hilt of *Vortigern*.

*Cler.* How did you find his Title, my Lord?

*Cockl.* The Devil take his Title and him too. Dear Dutchess, prithee go get me a Plaister.

*Long.* It needs not, my Lord; 'tis nothing but a Contusion, upon my Honour, and nothing so good for it as Air. Will your Grace be pleas'd to see the City?

*Cockl.* It shall be so: prepare there. A Plague o'this *Vortigern*! [*Aside.*]

*Cler.* Your Grace determines not to see the King.

*Cockl.* Not yet: about some ten Days hence I shall be ready.

*Long.* Clear the way there: Room for the Duke! [*Ex. Cockl.*]

*Cler.* Away, before, *Bewford*, and raise a Guard sufficient to keep him from the reach of Peoples Tongues, and remember how the Streets must be dispos'd with Cries and Salutations: in the mean time, Madam, you keep your State at home. [*Exeunt.*]

*Aur.* Ha, ha, ha; thus far 'tis acted rarely: what hereafter I do intend, lies not within your level, my sweet Friends; nor shall not, till 'tis ripe for a Discovery. [*Enter Page with a Letter.*]

As I live, from my new Countrey Aunt, I know the Hand: To the great Lady, High and Mighty Dutchess of *Dunstable*, be these delivered: Ha, ha, ha, Oh for a stronger Lace to keep my Breath in, that I may laugh the nine Days, till the Wonder fall to an Ebb! What high and mighty Blockheads live in the Countrey! [*Reads the Letter.*]

My good angry Uncle, I find, by the Contents, you want Preferment too, and you shall have it, or my Wit shall fail me.

*Enter Celia.*

*Cel.* Madam, I hope you'll pardon this Intrusion: 'twas told me that a poor distracted Gentleman, that owes his great Misfortune

fortune to my Folly, was seen to enter here; Pray is it so?

*Aur.* Such a one, Madam, has been here, indeed, but he is gone: Was he your Husband, Madam?

*Cel.* That he was not my Husband, was the Cause that he is nothing now: curst lawless Force, and impious Cruelty, ravish'd the Blessing from his longing Heart, and cast a Mist before my feeble Eyes, blinded by Wealth and treacherous Dignity, I could not see his Merit, till too late.

*Aur.* I hope he's not past Cure, Madam?

*Cel.* There's a Physician learn'd in these Extreame, that gives me mighty hopes, if he were taken!

*Aur.* I believe, Madam, my Servants can give you some Account of him: if you please I'll examine them.

*Cel.* The Courtesie will be both generous and charitable.

*Aur.* Madam, You should command far greater Services than these, if they were in my Power. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Street.*

*Enter Bewford, and six Gentlemen.*

*Bewf.* Every Man take his Corner, here am I, you, and you in that place, and as he comes by, be sure you salute him with loud Voices, and Faces full of dejected Fear and Humbleness. Away, he's coming.

*Enter Toby.*

*Tob.* Fy! How these streets are throng'd here with these same rascally People. I am just come to Town, and, as I am a Gentleman, am almost choak'd already, with the very Steam of 'em: They have crowded his Grace almost to Death yonder, they follow him like a Baboon to the Bear-Garden. There is in the World no true Gaper like your Citizen: the Bears shall not pass by his Door in Peace, but that he, and all his Family shall be ready to ride upon the Backs of 'em. Room, before there.

*Enter*

*Enter Cockle-brain, Clermont, Longoville, and Servants.*

A Pox on you, keep your Places, and then you may see him till your Hearts ake.

1 *Gent.* Bless your Grace.

*Cockl.* And you, with all my Heart.

2 *Gent.* Heaven grant your Grace long Life, and happy Days.

*Cockl.* Thank thee, good Friend.

2 *Gent.* Perpetual Blessings crown you.

*Cockl.* I thank you all. *Longoville.*

*Long.* My Lord!

*Cockl.* I'll make a Speech to 'em. Hem, hem!

*Long.* Silence there, his Grace will make a Speech.

*Cockl.* Good People! I shall divide my Speech into three Branches; First, it has pleas'd the King, my Master, for sundry Virtues in me, not unknown to Him, and the wise State, to lend his Hand, and raise me to this Eminence: My second Branch is to examine how this may seem to other Men, or stir the Minds of such as are my Fellow-Peers against me; since I desire, and will deserve their Loves, as I do yours, good People. My third and last Branch is upon Amity, for as the Tree---

*Cler.* Your Grace had best take care, 'twill be inform'd the King, your Greatness with the People.

*Cockl.* A Pox on him! he has hindred me from branching into the finest Metaphor, and I am the worst in the World to get in again when I am once out: My last Branch, I say, dear Friends, is, Hem, hem! a Plague of this *Clermont*! is, I say,--- Faith, I know not what it is at present----- But if ever you catch me branching it again, in this Fellow's Company----- I'll give you leave to hang me upon the Tree I was speaking of, And so I share my Bowels amongst you all.

3 *Gent.* A Noble Duke! a very Noble Duke! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. Cockle-brain's Hall.

*Enter Aurelia, and Maria.*

*Aur.* Is my Uncle coming, art sure?

*Mar.* As sure as he expects to be made a Duke too, Madam.  
Lord,



Lord, methinks, I long to see his new Countrey Wife, I wonder how the Creature looks.

*Anr.* Very prettily, as I have heard: 'Twill be Diversion to see how our Court Sparks will ogle her Countrey Dress.

*Mar.* Yes, Madam, and paddle in the Palm of her Hand.

*Anr.* Hold your tongue, you Gypsie, and go and see what time the Coach comes in: I must set another Springe ready to catch the Buzzard, my Uncle; I'll teach him to preach against the Court and my Town Pleasures. Hark! His Grace, the Duke is coming. Away, away to your Business.

*Re-enter Duke and Train.*

Your Grace is welcome home.

*Cockl.* Why, thank your Grace. How fine these Titles sound, Sweet-Heart, I am well and merry, never more able to be thy Bedfellow, my Dearest.

*Bewf.* Bless us, what a hot Meat this Greatness is!

*Long.* It may well be, for he has not got a snap these two Months, to my Knowledge, or is she damn'd for swearing it.

*Cockl.* I thank you, Gentlemen, for your Attendance, and your great Pains, pray know my Lodgings better and oftner: do so Gentlemen: now by my Honour, as I am a Prince, I will consider your Deservings. *Toby.*

*Bew.* Where's Mr Secretary, there? Some body call him.

*Enter Toby.*

*Cler.* Mr. Secretary!

*Tob.* Who calls?

*Long.* His Grace wants you, Mr. Secretary.

*Cockl.* Toby.

*Tob.* My Lord.

*Cockl.* Be ready for the Countrey once more, *Toby*: And let my Tenants know the King's great Love; say I would see 'em; But the weight of State lies heavy on my Shoulders, and therefore tell 'em, I expect their Attendance. Go, take up Post-Horses, and make haste.

*Tob.*

*Tob.* I begin to find this under-hand Dignity a little trouble-  
some, and care not much for jumbling my Honour thus a Horse-  
back. Well, for this once I'll be a Servant; but when I come  
back, I'll try if I can set up for a Duke, as well as others.

[*Exit Toby.*]

*Aur.* My gracious Husband, you must now prepare in all your  
Pomp, to entertain your Uncle, who is a Convert now. And  
with his Wife intends to be here to night.

*Cock.* Alas, poor Countrey things, how they will blush to see  
my Grandeur! But I will be pitiful, Gentlemen, pray be ready,  
I do intend to morrow early,

To shew before my Uncle's wondring Face,  
The Greatness of my Pomp, and of my Place.

*Cler.* We'll all be ready. Away, Boys, till to-morrow.

*Benf.* This Countrey Uncle must needs prove a rare new Scene  
of Diversion.

*Long.* Most certainly, in the mean, let's to *Pontack's* to Sup-  
per. [Exeunt Omnes.]

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, St. James's Park.

Enter Grub. Phillida and Roger.

Grub. **A**RE all things carry'd to the Taylor! Roger?  
Rog. All, All, an't shall please you: che were with 'em by break of Day, along while avore yow were out of your Neast, an't shall please you.

Grub. That's well; we must know of the Duke my Cousin, Wife, what Fashion his Grace will please to have us in? For my own part, I have an old fashion'd Velvet pair of Breeches, that when I have made a new Suit and Cloak of 'em, will steal into the Presence well enough.

Rog. And does your Worship intend to leave *Plowden-Hicket*, and your House in the Country for good and all, an't shall please you?

Grub. As his Mighty Grace, my Nephew thinks fit: 'Tis as preferment comes, Roger!

Rog. Gadsbread; and thick vine Gown will make Mistress look like a Countess too, an't shall please you.

Grub. Ay, ay, before the Duke and the Court have done with her, I hope to see her look like a Dutchess, Roger. Come, Wife; What are you staring at?

Phil. Oh *Jemmi*! Hubby — I never saw so curious a place in my life: The Trumpets and the Drums make so pure a noise, methinks I am almost substracted with it: And look, look, *Hubby* what are these Birds that fly over our Heads?

Grub. Ducks; Ducks, Fool.

Phil. Good me! and why do they fly about so? And, pray *Hubby*, tell me who's that naked Black Man, that holds a thing in his hand so.

Grub. O Lord! a naked Black Man with a thing in his hand, was there ever such a Fool? why, that is a Statue! a Gladiator, a thing set up for Ornament; or to scare the Rooks here about  
H the

the Court — A Pox I can't tell what it's for? Come prithee, Come along.

*Phill.* Nay, pray *Hubby*, let me know all the fine things. And what are those that lye there by the Water side, *Hubby*.

*Grub.* Geese, Geese, you Fool! odzooks! those! no, those are Gentlemen of the Guard that lye a Sunning: s'bud She'll tire me with questions! if I stay longer — Come, come prithee, come away — *Roger!* a word.

*Enter Footman Singing.*

*Foot.* Lol-throl-lol — How now! what pretty Country thing is this, that stares at me? I'll speak to her: Your Servant, pretty Mistress, whither are you a going?

*Phill.* Oh *Gemini!* what a pure sweet fine young Gentleman is here? Indeed Sir, I don't know! but I think I am going home with my *Hubby!*

*Foot.* Her *Hubby* — what a pox is that, her Hobby-horse?

*Grub.* You're mistaken here, Friend, She's meat for your Master — — hum hum — — (*Grub. pulls her away.*)

*Foot.* Why then, Friend, I would my Master had her; and so your Servant — — (*Exit.*)

*Phill.* Oh law! Do you know him then! prithee dear *Hubby*, who is it?

*Grub.* Odzooks! a lowzy Footman, that I would not have had his Grace seen you talk with for 1000 l.

*Rog.* What, a Footman, with thick vine Silver lac'd Coat on's back, as sure as cham here, I should have taken him to be a Knight of the Shire at least, if chad seen him come riding through *Plowden*.

*Grub.* Oh thou art come to a new World, *Roger*, the Lords and the Lacquies are all brave alike here!

*Rog.* Would I were at home agen for my part, and sitting by the fire with old *Joan* — I'de ne're come here to seek for parferment, not I; odzooks! the Cries of the Street, and the ratling of the Coaches have almost maz'd me: besides, chant sleep a wink since che come to Town.

*Grub.* Hold your Tongue, ye Clodpole: Don't you see what preferment

preferment your Country-man Toby is come to? And if I can get to be a Duke, as if my Wife manages well, I intend to be, who knows, but thou mayst come to be Secretary as well as he, Buffle?

*Ros.* Should not a Secretary Write and Read, an't shall please you?

*Grub.* 'Tis all one; some do, and some do not, if he has but a Clark that can, 'tis no matter whether he can Write and Read, or no? But come, by this time his Grace is rising: Lets go and give our attendance. Nay, prithee come away; What-a-devil art thou staring at?

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lionel meeting Toby.*

*Tob.* Save you, Sir.

*Lyon.* Save the King, Sir.

*Tob.* Pray Sir, which is the nearest way?

*Lyon.* Save the King, I say, Sir, this is the nearest way.

*Tob.* The nearest way, I mean to the Post-house, Sir.

*Lyon.* Gad save the King and his Post horse, Sir.

*Tob.* Pray, Sir, direct me to the House.

*Lyon.* Here must be no directions; you cannot catch me, Sir.

*Tob.* I don't understand you, Sir.

*Lyon.* Read *Hugo Grotius* then. I say you can't catch me, Sir.

*Tob.* Nor catch you, Sir?

*Lyon.* No Sir, nor can the King with all his cunning Stratagems and Plots, although he put his Nobles in disguise, never so oft, to sit into my words by count of Law lay hold upon my Life.

*Tob.* This must be some business that the Duke my Master is by the King employ'd in, and he thinks that I, as being Secretary, am acquainted with it — hum hum.

*Lyon.* I shall not need to rip the Cause up to you, nor need you tell me the place you hold i<sup>th</sup> State — I know your Name is

*Phizgigg.*

*Tob.* *Phizgigg*, Sir!

*Lyon.* Ay — by the Mothers side you come from the Right Honourable the *Bominellis*; you give for your Coat Argen, a Polcat Mountant Azure, a Bar direct between Culfers pendant Sables: You are, Sir, sprung of a great Family.



*Tob.* An ingenuous Fellow, this, I warrant him: s'bud, he knows more of me than I ever knew of myself.

*Lyon.* Besides, you have a scar upon the top of your Nose, which denotes Dignity, a Semicircle upon your Crown, and a double fold upon your right Ear: your Great Uncle was a Bassaw.

*(Tweaks him by the Nose, and Cuffs him.)*

*Tob.* A Bassaw, s'heart, this fellow will make a Great Turk of me presently: — I have lately come to some preferment indeed, Sir.

*Lyon.* 'Tis nothing, you shall have more, and greater: Let me see — You shall be before *Christmas* next —

*Tob.* A Duke, Sir,

*Lyon.* A Duke at least.

*Tob.* Odsheart! I thought so always: I know I was not born to hold a Trencher: this is a most admirable Man!

*Lyon.* But there is one ill-Planet that hangs o're you.

*Tob.* An ill one! a lack-a-day — What is it, Sir?

*Lyon.* *Saturn! Saturn!* you will within this hour be taken up for High Treason!

*Tob.* Bless me! for High Treason!

*Lyon.* Has no one seen you talk with me, think you?

*Tob.* Yes, a great many, Sir.

*Lyon.* There 'tis, there's your undoing: I am pursu'd by the whole State! Continual Treasons laid to my Charge, and all that talk with me fall into the same predicament. I cannot help weeping, to think you should fall into such danger for my sake!

*Tob.* S'heart! would you had been hanged ere I had fallen into the predicament, as you call it. *(weeps.)*

*Lyon.* You will be apprehended within this half hour, you are beset already — oh — *(weeps.)*

*Tob.* I'll whip out of Town.

*Lyon.* Oh — then your Head's whipt off the next minute, if you but offer at that. Oh —

*Tob.* Why the Devil did you stop me, could you not be contented to be hang'd by your self like a good Christian. But on my Conscience, this comes of my Ambition, my plotting to be a Duke before my time.

*Lyon.* Oh, oh, oh!

*(Both howl out.)*

*Tob.*

*Tob.* But, good Sir, is there no remedy?

*Lyon.* Yes, yes—Fate does allow a remedy; but then you must take a Manly resolution, and suffer your self to be hang'd little, to appease the Fates.

*Tob.* Oh a little! pray how little will serve, Sir! for you know there's no jesting with those things.

*Lyon.* Why, two or three hours hanging will do it, I am sure; and if you can endure that bravely, you will certainly live to be a Great Man.

*Tob.* Oh Lord; 'Tis impossible: I know my Constitution so well, Sir, that I shall be choak'd in half the time: But if punishment for a High Misdemeanor, instead of High Treason would serve turn, I would be burnt in the Hand with all my heart; if that would appease the Fates.

*Lyon.* 'Twas generously said; and 'tis pity such Honor e're should be a prey to Fortune: Take Courage, Friend, I will preserve thy life with hazard of my own.

*Tob.* A Blessing on your Heart.

*Lyon.* This night thou shalt be lock'd within my Doors, and in the Morning I'll so provide, that in disguise you shall have free access to the Sea-side, and then, e're any know it, be Shipp'd away for *Baniam*.

*Tob.* For *Baniam*! Gadlooks! that's a devilish way: What shall I do when I am there? Oh Fortune, Fortune! but come, any thing's better than hanging by the Neck two or three hours, in hopes to be a Great Man after it.

*Lyon.* Follow me softly then, and no more Thoughts of Honor, d'ye hear: lest the Fates frown, and contradict our purposes.

*Tob.* Ah no, no, Sir, my Pride is fallen low enough by this time. This comes of my Ambition, Rogue, Pimp, Scoundril as I was—I must be a Duke in the Devils name—Oh, I deserve to be hang'd, that's the Truth on't—

*Ex. unt.*

*Lyonel, Toby, & above.*

*Enter*

*The Fool's Preferment: Or,**Enter Celia and Doctor.*

*Cel.* This is his House, and here I saw him enter; his better Angel has directed him to leave the wandering streets—poor Gentleman, would I were able, with as free a Heart, to set his Soul right, as I am to grieve the ruine of his Sense, which Heaven forgive me!

*Doct.* If you could win him but to take my Medicine, and get some Rest, my Life upon the Operation.

*Cel.* I'll call to him: Sir, if you are within, pray speak to me.

(*Toby above, Lyon above.*)

Yes Sir, I am within, and will be.

*Tob.* Oh, oh—Who is't, Good Sir, Who is't?

*Lyon.* The Captain of the Guards: take heed you are not seen: there the Disguise lies; on with it immediately, 'twas what I had provided for myself—but you shall be serv'd first now, Friend.

*Doct.* Sir—here's a friend of yours would speak with you.

*Lyon.* A Friend! no Sir, you must pardon me—I am acquainted with no such—I see you are a *Switzer* by your Habit.

*Doct.* Alas! poor Gentleman!

*Tob.* A *Switzer*! Oh Lord, what will become of me?

*Cel.* Sir, I am a Messenger from her you love: nay, and from her that loves you more than Life, more than fresh springing Flowers the indulgent Sun; or pretty Birds ensnar'd their liberty: and can you be so cruel not to hear me?

*Lyon.* Let it suffice that you hear me, and hear me loudly, once more, God Save the King. Come Friend, are you ready—the Troops are all drawn off, the Coast is clear now, only the Captain and the *Switzer*.

*Tob.* And what's to be done with 'em, Good Sir?

*Lyon.* We'll scow'r 'em, Boy, we'll scow'r 'em: you shall bring up the rear. I'll Charge i'th' Van! nay, prithee, why dost thou shake so?

*Tob.* Alas! Sir—'Tis impossible for me to Charge, I am turn'd Woman now!

(*Toby comes down.*)

*Lyon.*

*Lyon.* Why then I'll do't myself: This bloody Sword through millions of our Foes shall be thy Guard, and set thee safe aboard.

*Duch.* Come, Madam, let us be gone: This is no time to stay to tempt his Fury: we'll take a fitter season.

*Cel.* Heaven send it.——

*Enter Toby in Womens Apparel.*

*Tob.* They are gone sure! I can see no body. Oh how I shak'd would I were safe under hatches once, that I might be out of my fears——Farewel——the Court now; Instead of being a Duke, or at least a Baron, I am going the Devil knows where, to *Bantam*? And farewel, my dear Lord too——I shall never see thy Glorious Face again——Oh, oh——

*Enter Lyonel.*

*Lyon.* How now! Who's here, another Undertaker? Another Plot upon me?

*Tob.* 'Tis I, Sir, 'tis I.

*Lyon.* I. Why who are you?

*Tob.* Your Friend, Sir——whom you are sending to *Bantam*?

*Lyon.* *Bantam*; and my Friend: here's a fly trick now, they know I have no Woman Friend but one, who is too closely kept from me, to be here: pray, come hither and let me look on you.

*Tob.* Why Sir, 'Tis I.

*Lyon.* You should not be a Woman by your stature!

*Tob.* I am none, Sir---I am none.

*Lyon.* I know it then, keep off: Strange Men and Times! How am I still preserv'd? Here they have sent a Yeoman of the Guard, Disguis'd in Womens Cloaths, to work upon me, To make Love to me, to trap my Words, And to ensnare my Life, keep off, I say.

*Tob.* Oh do not leave me, I beseech you, Sir, for I shall ne'r be able to find the way to *Bantam*, without you.

*Lyon.* Ha——are not these my Cloaths?

*Tob.*

*Tob.* Yes, Sir, you lent 'em me to make escape in.

*Lyon.* Here's an impudent Rogue: First rob me, and then talks of making his escape——Come, strip, sirra——I'll make an example of you.

*Tob.* Oh Lord, strip, Sir?

*Lyon.* Ay, ay, all off Rogue, and presently, or I will pound thee into Mortar. *(Strips Toby.)*

*Tob.* Oh dear *Toby*. What will become of thee?

*Lyon.* The Drawers too, Rogue; the Drawers.

*Tob.* The Drawers——Why Sir, I shall be naked, for I've but a half Shirt on.

*Lyon.* Sirra——If you have but a half Breech on, I'll see what you have!

*Tob.* Oh the Devil's in this Fellow. I must run for't, he'll flea me else. *(Starts from him, and runs out.)*

*Lyon.* Hah, fled——Why then, like conquering Tamberlain, I carry off the spoils——*Victoria, Victoria.*

*Enter Grub. Phillida, and Roger, in tawdry new Cloaths.* *{ Call Longo, Bewford.*

*Grub.* Wife——be sure you hold up your Head now, and primm it as you did one Sunday at Church in the Country, when you put the Parson out of his Sermon, with staring at you——and let the Courtiers see you understand your self! do you hear?

*Phill.* I warrant you, *Hubby*, let me alone for primming out.

*Rog.* This is a woundy gallant place, an't like your Worship. There's ne're a Chamber che ha gone through, but is as big as our *Town-Hall* at *Plowden*, an't shall please you.

*Grub.* Peace! peace, the Door opens, and two Gentlemen are coming this way: Wife, look to your self. *{ Enter Longovil and Bewford.* *Rog.* be mannerly. I'll speak to 'em. Save you, Gentlemen! belong you, I beseech you, to his Mighty Grace the Duke?

*Long.* We do, Sir, and are your Servants. S'life! What pretty Country Creature's that?

*Bewf.*



*Bewf.* If there be any thing that we can serve you in, to his Grace, Sir, be pleas'd to Command us.

*Grub.* Gentlemen both— I thank you, *Roger*, your Hat, under your Arm— *Sirra*! when did you hear such words before. *Wife*— hush!— Answer nothing: let me alone with 'em. Pray Gentlemen; is it fit so mean a person as myself, should desire the favour, as that you would be pleas'd to help me to the Speech of the Great Duke your Master—

*Longo.* Sir, we shall be proud to serve you. Pox on him, what a Tone the Rogue has?

*Bewf.* Be pleas'd, Sir, to discuss your Business, and your Name, And we will presently inform him of ye.

*Phill.* O *Jewiss*, *Roger*! I never heard such fine talk in my life; why, our Minister at home is nothing to 'em.

*Rog.* Ah, thick Gentlemen would make a fool of him, quick alack, they are too vine to have much Religion in 'em.

*Phill.* Well, well, *Roger*, I hope to be too fine myself too shortly.

*Grub.* Leave your chattering, and be hang'd, and don't discover your Country breeding, ye silly Baggage— *(aside.)* Gentlemen both— my Name is *Grub*.

*Longo.* *Grub*. I cry you mercy, Sir, you are his Graces Kinsman, if I mistake not.

*Grub.* Troth Gentlemen, I think there may be a quart or two of his Graces Blood in me— if I may be so bold.

*Bewf.* Sir, no doubt, but you have a gallon of it in you, and we must all be yours, his Graces Kinsman.

And we so much forgetful, it was a rashness, we must beg pardon for, and beg the favour to welcome you to Town. *(kiss Grub.)*

*Grub.* Your servant, Sir, they flabber confoundedly, tho.

*Rog.* Oh Lord, what do thick Men mean by fluffing my Master?

*Bewf.* Next Madam, to you we humbly address our selves! A Cherubim, by this Light. *(kiss.)* *They kiss Phillida.*

*Grub.* This kissing is the worst Fashion in the Court; would they would leave it off— Come hither, *Wife*— *(whisper.)*

*Longo.* Your Graces Vassal, Sir.

*Longo.* 'Tis He! this is the Unkle; I find it now; dost hear *Bewf.* He must be preferr'd too?

*Bewf.* And so he shall, if all the Art we have can make him noble. I'll dubb him with a Cuckoldom—if his Wife will but join issue.

*Longo.* Soft and fair, Sir, we must draw lots about that business.

*Grub.* Throw away that Pole, and be hang'd! What a devil dost think we are come to play a Hit at Quarter-staff! we stand upon our preferment; therefore take care of your Behaviour, Fooby.

*Longo.* Wilt please you, Sir, to walk a turn or two here in th' Anti-chamber, whilst to his Grace we make your coming known.

*Grub.* I thank you, Sir, — I shall attend his pleasure.

Now, *Roger*, what think'st thou: Is not this rare — ha!

*(Ex. Long. and Bewf.)*  
*Rog.* The Gentlevolkes are huge loving, an't like your Worship, Godsdiggers, I was afraid they would have Bull'd me too.

*Phill.* Oh dear Hubby — lets never go into the Country again; For — methinks *Plowden* is such a stinking dunghil to this sweet place!

*Grub.* Odlooks — the door opens now, now hold up your Head, and Primm, be sure.

SCENE, *Discovers Cockle-brain seated with Aurelia, Maria, Longoville, Clerimont, Bewford, Servants. They place Grub and his Wife in a Chair.*

*Phill.* Oh *Jemini*! Is that he, Hubby?

*Grub.* Ay — Godlooks is it, make a low Curtsy, quickly ye Jade. Most Gracious Duke — my — poor — *(Bowing.)* Spowse, and my Self, do kiss your mighty Foot, and next to that, the great Hand of your Dutcheß, ever wishing you Fame and Honor springing as your years!

*Cockle.* Unkle, you are welcome!

*Clerm.* Pithy and short.

*Longo.* And stately too, I'll assure you.

*Bewf.* Look, look — the old Gib-Cat is got down on's Knees.

*Grub.* Oh! High and mighty Duke. Your Graces Vassal, far unworthy

unworthy the nearness of your Blood——Wife! down on your Mari-bones.

(*She kneels.*)

*Clerm.* I swear, the prettiest Wench——that e're I saw.

*Bewf.* Oh! is she so, Sir?——Come, come, here are the Lots!

*Longo.* Now, Fortune——(*They Draw.*)

*Bewf.* Mine by Heav'n! and you are to assist me!

*Clerm.* We are so! a pox——take you.

*Cockl.* Unkle, you must rise: so must your Lady——the charge of whom I give to my own dearest here.

*Aur.* Oh! how you Coxcombs thrugg, and Ogle this new Face already——'Tis well my fine Fops, I shall have an hour for you too!

(*Aside.*)

*Grub.* Now *Phill.* now *Phill.*——now or never little *Phill.*

*Cockl.* Well Unkle——are you convinc'd yet of your old Error?

*Grub.* Oh Gracious Duke—I was a very Rascal—a Country Roguel I do beseech your Grace, out of your mighty Bounty, to lift up your Noble Foot——and give me half a score good kicks! Kick me! my good Lord, I beseech you, do it.

*Cockl.* No Unkle, not so neither: I remember you a little Familiar with me indeed!

*Grub.* Ah! Zoons I was bewicht, my Lord, merely bewicht, I call'd your Mighty Grace Son of a Whore: for which, besides my begging pardon on my knees, I was the Son of a Whore myself for my pains, my Lord.

*Cockl.* Well, well, 'Tis all forgotten, I know it was your zeal, and therefore blot it from my memory; have you, according to my Orders, resolved your self for Court, and utterly renounced the slavish Country, with all its Dirt and Care.

*Grub.* I have, so please you.

*Cockl.* Have you dismiss too your Garlick Eating-houhold, your Hobnail'd Lubbers, with their crook'd horn'd Noses, and dry chopt Hands.

*Grub.* All, all, my Lord: All but my Man Roger there!

*Cockl.* You mean that Booby yonder——foh——how he looks! put him in Livery, or let me see him no more; away with him: I hate a fellow in Grey, like a Badger!

*Rog.* Oh Lord! What am I to be hang'd now?

(*They hurry him out.*)

*Cockl.*

*Longo.* 'Tis He! this is the Unkle; I find it now; dost hear *Bewf.* He must be preferr'd too?

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*Cockl.* Unkle, you must rise: so must your Lady — the charge of whom I give to my own dearest here.

*Aur.* Oh! how yon Coxcombs shrugg, and Ogle this new Face already — 'Tis well my fine Fops, I shall have an hour for you too!

(Aside.

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*Rog.* Oh Lord! What am I to be hang'd now?

(They hurry him out.

*Cockl.*



*Cockl.* And have you sold your hangings of *Nebuchadnezzar*, and the *Prodigal*, with the antient *History of Baalam's Ass*, piec'd out with the *Wisdom of Solomon*, and the *Two Harlots*.

*Grub.* All taken down, my Lord, and ready for a *Chapman*.

*Cockl.* 'Tis well, for now your *Mind* must quite be alter'd, as your *Condition* shall be: One word more in private I must impart to you — your *Ear* a little.

*Grub.* In troth, my Lord, I am unworthy.

*Cockl.* No more words: Come hither when I bid you: (*whisper.*

*Aur.* As I was telling you first, your *Husband* must learn *Basset*, and must be no more your *Master*.

*Phill.* No forsooth: I warrant you I'll order him.

*Aurel.* Change that forsooth for *Madam*, when you talk.

*Phill.* Yes *Madam*! Oh *Femini*! this is rare, I vow.

*Aur.* Nor must you Eat with him, nor keep him company! If you would make him great; you see this *Duke* here,

*Phill.* Yes forsooth, ——— *Madam* ——— I mean

*Aur.* He was an *Ass* when he came first to *Town*, an arrant *Ass*: Nay, I may truly call him just such another *Coxcomb* as your *Husband* ——— Till I push'd on his *Fortune*. No more words now: Come to me to *Morrow* ——— I'll put you in a way ———

*Phill.* Yes, *Madam*, well, I'ads I'm sure I shall be a *Dutchess* too, methinks I'm too proud for a *Country Gentlewoman* already ——— (*aside.*

*Cockl.* Think on my words, and so farewel for this time: *Gentlemen*, conduct my *Uncle* to his *Lodging*.

*Exit Cockl. and Aur.*

*Grub.* I am your *Graces Slave*, your *Vassal*! My Lord ——— Ah *Gadsooks* I am made for ever.

*Clerm.* Oh! for a private place to ease my *Lungs* ——— I am ready to burst! such a pair of *Jades* — were never ridden sure.

[ *aside to Bewf.*

*Bewf.* Take him aside ——— Good *Ned*, whilst I break in upon the body of his strength, his *Wife*.

*Clerm.* Advance then, and be hang'd, why don't you board her?

*Longo.* Ply her to windward, ye *Rogue*! she rides fairly.

*Clerm.*

*Clerm.* Faith, Sir, you have taken the most compendious way, to raise your self; if his Grace stand your friend, you must be a great man! (to Grub.

*Grub.* Why, troth he puts me in great hopes, Gentlemen!

*Longo.* What do you think now, Sir, as first step to your preferment, if you could get to be Dew-beater!

*Grub.* A Dew-beater; what a Devil's that?

*Longo.* Why, your Office is to walk before the King a Mornings, and beat the Dew off: I see you have a good large flat Foot for the business.

*Grub.* Yes, yes, my Foot would do well enough, you need no doubt: But what's that Gentleman doing with my Wife yonder?

*Clerm.* Oh, what's matter what they are doing, or Sir, if you love your ease——suppose you should put in for Gentleman of the Charcole.

*Grub.* Gentleman of the Charcoal.

*Longo.* Ay ay——To see good Fires made in all the Rooms about the Court, and disperse News to all the Courtiers that come to warm 'em. This place brings in a mint of Money, if you can persuade 'em but to pay well.

*Grub.* Ods-heart! I persuade a Courtier to pay well! that were a work indeed——Put pray Gentlemen, by your leave, A little——I don't love to see my Wife hugg'd thus!

*Clerm.* Not love to see your Wife hugg'd? have a care what you say, Sir, I would not have the Gentleman hear you for a thousand pound.

*Grub.* What a Devil care I what he hears: pray, let me go Gentlemen!

*Clerm.* Not for the World, Sir, 's'life do you know what you do?

*Grub.* Why, what's the matter?

*Longo.* The matter! He's one of the greatest Favourites at Court, And one that can do any thing with the King; I swear you are a lost Man if you stir.

*Clerm.* If you have a mind to Rise, Sir, never mind 'em.

*Grub.* Zoons, Sir,——They are kissing!

*Clerm.* Let 'em kiss, and much good do their hearts, if your Wife can but niggle him right, Sir——you are a made Man, I can tell you that.

*Grub.*

*The Fool's Preferment: Or,*

*Grub.* But Sir, to kiss her, and in that rumpant manner!

*Longo.* Ay, ay, any manner, Sir: they must kiss, and double kiss: and kiss agen: or you may kiss the Post for your preferment.

*Grub.* I know not——but look, look: he's at it again!

*Longo.* Agen and agen too: and the more happy Man you: would he would kiss me as much, or my Sister, or any of our Family.

*Phil.* Good b'we, *Hubby*, good b'we, *Hubby*——

*Ex. Bewf. & Phil.*

*Grub.* Zooks, Sir, but this is unconscionable, do but see, he has taken her into a private room.

*Clerm.* Has he! why then your business will be done, Sir?

*Grub.* Her Business will be done, you mean, Sir.

*Clerm.* You'll be the happiest Man by this days work, except the Duke your Cousin, of any in the Court; For my part I envy you, and will Marry certainly, and not let every Man out-run me thus; 'tis time to be my own Friend now: I live in Court here, and teach the readiest way to prefer others, and be a slave myself.

*Grub.* Nay, good Sir——be not mov'd——I thank you heartily for your Instructions, but——

*Clerm.* But, no more but——but come away.

*Grub.* I should be glad, methinks, to have my Wife with me.

*Longo.* Yet agen, your Wife! will you ruine all? Go, go! be-gone! and take no notice where you left her: let her return at leisure. If She stay a Month 'twill be the better——I tell you once more, that Gentleman can make ye——

*Grub.* A Cuckold it may be.

*Longo.* What he pleases, Sir!

*Grub.* Well—I will go! and dost hear *Phil*, don't forget *Hubby* a Duke, *Phil*, a Duke! be sure to remember *Hubby*! Gentlemen, your most Humble Servant——I'll leave 'em together for a time; since 'tis the Court-way——Gentlemen——your most Humble.

*(Exit Grub.)*

*Longo.* Ha ha ha. To me the gulling of this Fool is Venerary.

*Clerm.* Thus Country-Fops, that of Court-Grandeur heard,

Post up to Town; and thus they are prefer'd.

*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

*Enter Cocklebrain.*

**T**Is somewhat strange; that I have had no Letters, nor no Accompt of my Affairs in the Country, since I sent *Toby* down among my Tenants: I did expect the very Bells of *Dunstable*, giving the sound to the near neighb'ring Steeples, would lead the joyful Tidings, like a Train of Gunpowder, from thence to *London*; But I hear nothing: Fame has lost her Trumpet, and the loud voice of my young flourishing Glory is mute as a hoarse Clerk setting a Psalm. *(A noise within.)*

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sirrah, keep back — here's no place, for such Vermin: This is no Barn for Beggars.

*Enter Toby in a Blanket, forcing the Servant forward.*

*Tob.* Beggars! here's a Rogue now! to rank a Great Dukes Secretary, because he appears a little in-disguise, amongst Beggars.

*Serv.* Ye sawcy Rascal, you will come on! nay then, I'll try my strength — *(Goes to force him.)*

*Cock.* How now, what's the matter there?

*Tob.* My Lord, my Lord, the Duke! do you know me: 'Tis I my Lord — 'tis I.

*Cock.* What! *Toby!*

*Tob.* Ay! ay! Faith old *Toby* of the World, that has such things to discover! such a Catastrophe to tell you:

Hark you, Squire of the Curry-comb — *(To the Servant.)*

You may go to your Stable, and make Love to your Coach-Mares! What a pox, because a Gentleman returns home a little in *Disabillum*! you cannot know him agen, you Rascal, can you; go rub rub; avant Oat-stealer. Turn out.

*Serv.* What, Mr. *Toby*? this is wonderful.

*Cock.*

*Cock.* Sure thou hast design'd some Farce to entertain me! What is the meaning of all this! What Catastrophe hast thou to tell me?

*Tob.* Oh! a damn'd Catastrophe: as I was saying, a Devilish Plot — Will your Grace be pleas'd to call for a clean Shirt: Gad! it will make you sweat through your Cloaths in a moment.

*Cock.* What are all my Tenants run away in the Country? What a Devil can this be?

*Tob.* Nay, that the Fates can tell, not I: I have been no nearer the Country than I am now: Ah, your Grace little thinks, how dangerous 'tis to be an Officer in Trust! why, since I saw you, I have been! —

*Cock.* In a Bawdy-house; I believe: Ay, ay; it must be so: And there stript: this sly Rogue has been in a Bawdy-house.

*Tob.* A Bawdy-house at *Bantam*, my Lord — Too hot a Country for Whoring, I thank you.

*Cock.* *Bantam!*

*Tob.* E'en so: I was within a stones throw of it, for above two hours, I am sure: Does not your Grace begin to sweat yet?

*Cock.* To hear you lie, Rascal.

*Tob.* Nay — if you doubt this — What will you do when you hear that I have been hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd for High Treason, since I saw ye.

*Cock.* Away — Coxcomb — Thou art drunk sure.

*Tob.* Drunk, it is with the Cup of Sorrow then, nothing but my Tears have moisten'd me, Since I saw you last, — I am as dry as a Bakers Bavin, and fit for nothing — but to be thrown in with them to heat an Oven: for since I left your Graces House.

*Cockl.* My House — what House is that, hab?

*Tob.* Why, this House, your Graces House here.

*Cockl.* This House — why you Son of a Hedge-Hog: has it no name, has my House no name! no Title, Sirra — *Dunstable-House*, ye Ass. Must a Man be always telling you these things?

*Tob.* I beg your Graces pardon — And as I was saying, my Lord — just as I had left *Dunstable-House*, there comes up to me a Devil of a Fellow, Friend, says he — and stares me  
in



in the Face——You are the Man beset——Come instantly with me, and be shipt away for *Bantam*, or you'll be instantly apprehended, and hang'd for High Treason.

*Cock*. A Devil of a Fellow indeed: it must be some mad Man, sure.

*Tob*. Mad man! no——he was a Polititian I am sure, for he was mightily given to Musick, and Sung one profound Ballad, that to my knowledge, was made of on old——Proclamation.

*Cockl*. This must be some Spy from some foreign Enemy; could'st not thou have train'd him to *Dunstable-House*, that I might have examin'd him.

*Tob*. No more than I could carry *Dunstable-House* upon my Back to *Dunginess*——Oh he had a plaguy pate of his own, and was, I am sure, a great Courtier, for he was in 20 several Minds in the space of a minute. First, he was for cloathing me in a disguise to escape, within a minute after——Wheigh——with a *Powder le pimp*, He fleas me, as a Cook does an Eel; after which I ran away, and not being able to get into *Dunstable-House* by mere chance--my shoul Joy, ish borrow'd this *Irish* Cloak here of an honest *Clanbriggian* of my acquaintance; and lay all night perdue in thy little worshipful place, call'd *Dunstable Privy-house* indeed.

*Cock*. There must be more in this, than at present I see, which at better leisure I will sift into: In the mean time, get ye in and uncase; You are a fine Secretary indeed——

*Tob*. The Truth on't is at present, I look more like a Sow-ge'der than a Secretary; the Learned observe, Men of Merits often taste the greatest misfortunes——Well Sir, I'll go and uncase, as your Grace Commands——little does he think that the Man in the Rugg here has his Fortune told to be as great as himself shortly. But Mum, *Toby*——There's some comfort still, however. (*Aside*.  
(Exit *Toby*.)

*Cockl*. Now I have consider'd o'nt,  
Since *To'y's* intended Journey is so crost,  
My State and Grandeur will much more be shewn  
Appearing in my person in the Country;  
My Tenants needs must be much better satisfy'd, with seeing me,  
than hearing of my Greatness:

*It shall be so ; I'll down to 'em this Morning.  
Who waits there ?*

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* My Lord!

*Cock.* Go tell your Ladies Grace ; that She must rise,  
I have instant business with her.

*Mar.* Would your Grace have her rise to do your Business?

*Cock.* Yes that I would, Minx ! here's a young Pert  
Queen already.

*Mar.* My Lord, 'tis cold, and she may catch an Ague!

*Cockl.* Why then I'll Trot her till she catch a Fever to't,  
How now, dare you dispute?

*Mar.* I am gone, my Lord — on my life he's mad agen.

*(Exit Mar.)*

*Cockl.* There is no way to grow popular like Courtesie,  
A gracious Nod, a wink, or such a trifle will gain the People Love  
and Approbation, more than a thousand Messages, or How-de'es.

*Enter Aurelia.*

—— Oh ! are you come, Wife ?

*Aur.* What, is the House on Fire, or has your Grace  
A fit of the Vertigo — that I am rowz'd thus?

*Cockl.* Oh neither ! neither !

*Aur.* What then, in the name of Wonder ?

*Cockl.* Why, I am resolv'd, on good Consideration  
This day to see the Country, and 'tis proper  
That we set forward early.

*Aur.* The Country — for Heavens sake, my Lord, What is't  
you mean ? Have you forgot the King's Request ?

*Cockl.* Prithee ! I'll but shew myself: I'll only air my Titles  
there amongst 'em ; and so return, which, by your leave, good  
Wife, will be for the King's Honor.

*Aur.* Well, you may leave me here, you know I am breeding.

*Cockl.* Oh ! Air will do you good.

*Aur.*

*Aur.* Besides, I dare not forfeit my Allegiance. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

*Cockl.* Your Allegiance !

That is, your Duty to obey your Husband:

Go, go, I say: and bid your Maids pack up your things.

*Aur.* Nay, pray my Lord be rul'd: you know the Coronet that now adorns your Head, descended by my management.

*Cockl.* Yes, yes: and the other Ornaments that branch there, were all of your contriving: what then? go and dispatch, I say.

*Aur.* The King will surely hear on't; and Heaven knows What the result may be?

*Cockl.* Well, well; I'll venture that: pray spare your Politicks, and do as you're Commanded.

*Aur.* Pray hear me, Sir!

*Cockl.* Yet agen, Impertinence! where got you this presumption? Am I the Duke, or you?

*Aur.* Well, Sir, tho' you are Duke, 'twas I that Dubb'd you.

*Cockl.* Dubb'd me; nay, the truth is, you did Dubb me I believe; but no more of that now: obey my Will, or——  
(*Call Maria.*)

*Aur.* Will no Reason —— take place?

*Cockl.* A Womans Reason! that's good i'faith——prithee away, go, go, good crooked Rib, and do not provoke me. I know what thou would'st say; the King will take it ill: Alas! thou dost not know, my main design is for his Glory, by this Expedition, which I'll recount to him at my return, and what I've done for his security, by diving into the Humors of the People: But these are Riddles to thee, Child——Begone, I say, and within an hour let your Duty wait i'th' Hall, with your Riding-dress on, do you hear?

*Aur.* Sir, you'll be undone!

*Cockl.* A Dunce, shall I not be?

*Aur.* Yes——by my Faith.

*Cockl.* Oh! nay, if you grow Malepert: I must take other measures: Hear me once more; if all things are not ready in that time, I'll have thee carry'd like an *Essex* Calf, ty'd Neck and Heels, stuffed in a pair of Panniers: and I my self will drive thee on before me—you shall know who I am? (Ex. *Cockl.*)

*Aur.* I do too well, for a dull stubborn blockhead, and know not how to mend thee; s'life, if this Humor hold, I am half undone, for I am engag'd this Afternoon to meet the Widow Tireman, pretty *Mrs. Primm*, and three or four of the *Beaux Esprits*, at my Lady *Wagbuns* this Afternoon, with design to play *Crimp*, and break the Bank, the *Pareli*, and *Sept et-l-va*, being made by those we have the design upon, for we have agreed what Cards shall win, and Mr. *Shufflewell* is so adroit in managing, that 'tis impossible we should miscarry, and now in the instant, is this Beast, for hurrying me into the Country, but I'll have another trick to divert that Instantly — He shall stay in spite of him.  
*Maria!*

*Enter Maria.*

*Mar.* Madam!

*Aur.* Quick, quick; thou dost not dream, what Eggs are hatching; this Beast is for the Country again; and all my dear Delights and Joys o'th' Town destroy'd in th' Instant.

*Mar.* The Devil shall have him first.  
 I'll bring him one shall swear there's a great Flood,  
 And there's no likelyhood to pass this ten days.  
 Or that a party of 2000 Robbers have sworn to pillage for a week that Road; you know he loves his Money.

*Aur.* No, no, his Grace must be degraded; there's no way like it: *Clermont* and his Friends are all prepar'd for this last Plot; Therefore be swift as Thought, to find 'em out, we have but an hour of Trial.

*Mar.* Swift as the Mischief, Madam, never doubt me.

(*Exeunt.*)

*Since Marriage is a yoke two Fools must wear,  
 The ablest Fool the heaviest part should bear.  
 Thus let it then my Husbands Neck weigh down,  
 I'll try to make it easy for my own.*

(*Ex. Aur.*)

*Enter*

Enter Grub, Phillida, and Roger.

Grub. What! lye out two whole nights, and no preferment come, yet;

How hast thou spent thy time?

Phill. Oh! very well indeed *Hubby*! for the Gentleman told me you should be a great huge Man; very suddenly. And for joy of it you can't Imagine *Hubby*, how I briskt up to him!

Grub. Briskt up to him, a pox, tho' you briskt up to him so mightily! nothing comes on't, that I see.

Phill. Oh! all in good time, *Hubby*, for he told me the King had knowledge of you already: And how you were resolv'd to be a Courtier.

Grub. Hush, here comes Mr. Secretary!

Tob. Run you, and see the Sumpter got ready; and let my Lords Cloaths be brush'd, and laid in order; the Trunks and Boxes see nail'd fast, and corded, d'e hear? (To a Serv.

Grub. What's the matter, good Mr. Secretary!

Tob. Oownz! Sir, my Lord's going Post into the Country o'th' sudden——I am almost out of my wits here.

Grub. The Country:

Tob. Ay ay, Sir, nay, prithee Mr. Justice, you see I've a world of Business upon my hands——and d'ye hear, put the Womens things in the new Panniers, the Linen, and the Box of Cordial Waters: Bid Nurse take care of my Ladies Eagle Stone too: I hear she's breeding.

Serv. I will, Sir!

(Ex. Serv.

Tob. The rest I'll do myself: Oh! how I sweat—— (Exit.

Grub. Roger: this suits well for me, for when he's gone, my Wife alone can do my business better: Odzooks, I strangely long to be prefer'd, that I may twit my Neighbours in the Country, and contradict our Parson, that's a main matter.

Rog. Zo 'tis! ant' shall please you: and that will make him contradict all the Parish.

Phill. And never fear me *Hubby*——I'll push it forward.

Grub. Do, do, *Phill*. do: Why, well said, *Phill*: methinks I am o'rejoyd at the conceit on't: But see, here comes his Grace.

Enter



*Enter Cocklebrain and Aurelia.*

*Cockl.* Why, this is well now: though you can talk, I see you understand Obedience:

*Aur.* Very well, Sir.

Alas! 'tis all poor Women were design'd for.

*Cock.* Very Good. Very Good! Oh Uncle. I did not see you. Why, I must court your Patience, some few days to live without me: We Great Men Dive sometimes: 'Tis a State trick that you are yet unskill'd in: But have patience, we shall appear agen to your satisfaction.

*Grub.* Health to your Graces both.

*Cockl.* Set forward then: Sure *Toby* has by this time pack't up the things, and seen the Coach got ready?

*Enter Clermont and Longovile.*

*Clerm.* Stand, thou proud Man, once more I bid thee stand.

*Cockl.* Thieves, Thieves! where are my People all? who waits there?

*Clerm.* Let 'em stir if they dare. And thus I am to say: Thou haughty Man, Thou art a Monster; for thou art ungrateful, and like a fellow of a Rebel nature; hast flung from his embraces; therefore he bids thee stand, thou Insolent Man, whilst thus with whisking of my Sword about—I take thy Honor off; This first sad Whisk takes off thy Dukedom, Thou art but a Marquess.

*Cockl.* What mean you, Sir.

*Cler.* This second Whisk divides thy Marquifate; Thou art yet a Baron.

*Grub.* Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

*Cock.* Prithee be quiet, Ple have no more of thy Whisks: what a Devil dost think I am an As.

*Cler.* You must have patience.

*Grub.* Oh! that ever I was born.

*Rog.* Oh! Oh! Oh!

*Clerm.* Two Whisks are past: and two are yet behind: yet all must

*(Howls out.)*

must come: then not to lingers time, with these two dismal Whisks I quite degrade thee now; Goodman *Cocklebrain*: for that sums all your Titles: Thank the King for punishing no further.

*Ans.* Oh! Undone, undone! I thought what his stubbornness would bring him too? *(Feigns to weep.)*

*Grub.* I am amaz'd.

*Cockl.* This cannot be in earnest, sure.

*Cler.* You'll find it so, Sir.

*Grub.* I am confounded, shot to the Brain, I know not where I am!

*Cler.* Nay——for your part, my Gracious Lord, the Fates have a far different doom—— *(To Grub.)*

*Grub.* How's that, Sir?

*Clerm.* Glory attends you, what Honors flow upon you. This Patent will inform your Grace—— *(Gives a Patent.)*

*Grub.* My Grace! s'heart—if this should be a Dream now And yet I feel the Parchment in my hand: Good Sir, explain your meaning——you have transform'd me.

*Rog.* —— Hum, hum!

*Clerm.* Thus then in short, my Lord: The King who still so much preserves the memory of that unhappy Man to let the Honors remain in's Blood, has in his stead, made you the Duke of *Dunstable*; And as such, he bids you wear this Robe of State.

*(Puts a Antick Robe and Turbant on his Head.)*

*Grub.* Godzooks! Why *Phill.* Am I awake, Art sure I am awake *Phill*?

*Rog.* Ods- diggers! I must be a Secretary too I see, there's no remedy!

*Phill.* Ay, ay, *Hubby*! and did not I make the most of a thing, think you, to get to be a Dutchess so soon?

*Grub.* Zooks, Thou hast made more of a thing, Girl, than ever Dutchess did——I am all Air: Gad I can fly, methinks —— A Duke already; why this is prodigious.

*Clerm.* Your Grace, I hope, will remember your poor Servant.

*Grub.* O Lord, dear Sir——you shall have any thing.

*Longo.* I must beg leave to make my Court to her Grace, that way I am sure preferment lies.

*Grub.*

*Grub.* Oh! by all means, Sir. Do'st hear, dear Wife: we must be civil to these Gentlemen.

*Phil.* Well, well——the Gentlemen know I han't been behind hand with 'em.

*Aur.* False Villain: 'Tis as I suspected now, tho' late, I see his Treachery, and will revenge myself, tho' I undo 'em all. (*Aside.*  
(*Exit Aurel.*)

*Grub.* *John Cocklebrain*, tho' the Kings Kings Royal Judgment has at last found where he should place his Honors: it is not fit thou shouldst be quite forgot——*John*, come to my House, and Eat sometimes, dost hear! I'll get thee into the Guards, or somewhere, because thou art my Kinsman.

*Cockl.* The Guards—ods-heart I'de as leive 'twere the Gallows. Oh! Oh——I shall run mad.

*Grub.* Mad! you Jackanapes! han't I told you of your fantastical Humors a thousand times: Thou fit to be a Duke! Alas poor Fellow!

*Enter Toby.*

*Toby.* My Lord! the Coachman stays: and all your Equipage, rank'd by my Care and Order, wait your Motion; I have had the Devil and all to do amongst 'em yonder; but they are ready at last.

*Cockl.* Oh! Oh! Oh! (*Looking discontentedly on Grub.*  
(*Who looks scornfully on him.*)

*Tob.* Hey-day! What Farce is now to be acted? What is Mr. Justice going a Morrice-dancing?

*Grub.* Make him cease his babbling, Friends: and then let the poor Rascal know who I am.

*Tob.* Who you are, why you are a Cuckold, and a Justice of Peace—I know, who you are well enough.

*Rog.* How's that? Have you a mind to be hang'd, Sirra?

*Tob.* Why, what's the matter, are you all mad?

*Clerm.* Sirra! he's newly made a Duke, down o' your knees, or——

*Tob.* A Duke! yes; and so am I as much? What d'e think I do not know old Justice *Grub*?

*Grub.*

**Grub.** Nay — if the Fellow grows saucy, let him be whipt, d'e hear, and then to s'd in a Blanket: 'Tis fit I begin a little severely. T'will make me the more terrible.

**Clerm.** Away, away with him: you are a saucy Knave indeed.

**Tob.** Why, my Lord the Duke — help, help.

**Cock.** Oh! Oh!

**Tob.** What a Devil is the meaning of this, S'heart, you will not let me be to s'd in a Blanket, will you?

*Enter Bewford, and a Boy with a Robe and Cap.*

**Bewf.** Not for the World, unbind him, Gentlemen, upon your perils.

**Clerm.** Why how now, *Bewford*, whence comes this Insolence, that you dare contradict his Graces Order.

**Bewf.** His Grace! You'll find he has no such Title!

**Grub.** Oo — but I have, Sir, and will maintain it. Dare you fight, Sir? ha.

*(Offers to draw.)*

**Bewf.** Oh! Rage will do no good, Sir. To explain all, Gentlemen, thus it is, All you have acted hitherto, is by mistake, a Courtier, that his Lady made her friend, made shift to steal his name into a Patent, but now 'tis raz'd out; and instead of him the King has chosen this Noble Gentleman, and this is now the Duke.

**Tob.** Hem, Hem.

**Bewf.** His Majesty has heard of your wise Conduct, and with this Robe invests you.

*(Puts on an Antick Robe)*

**Tob.** Air, air, good friends! by my troth this news warms mightily.

**Bewf.** And if for this good news, I may deserve to kiss your Graces Hand, my Lord.

**Tob.** My Hands: Faith Friend Ple have it wash'd first — Dost hear, old Fellow: prithee fetch me a Bason of Water.

**Grub.** Fetch a Halter, Come, draw, draw: I'll fight for't: I'll not be chow'd out of a Dukedom so, not I: since you have these tricks, Ple take the right way to secure my Title, and settle it by the Sword. Draw, Draw, I say.

Rag. Ay, ay — Draw, as my Lord Duke says: Zounds! Plc thrash some of you!

Omnes. Oh! there must be no Bloodshed.

Tob. The old Fool has often these Fits; some of you that wou'd deserve my Favour, take the old Dotard away, and toss him in a Blanket a little: there's nothing like it to cure his Fits.

Grub. How, Sirra! a Blanket: s'bud can I bear all this?

Cockl. Have but patience, Unkle, and Plc speak to his Grace, to take you as under Butler, or something: I know you come to Town for preferment.

Grub. Fool. Cuckold.

Cock. Ay, look at home, Unkle! my Aunt has stir'd her stumps, you know!

Grub. A pox stir her:

Phil. Nay, pray *Habby* be not so angry: you know I did all for the best.

Grub. Hold your Tongue, Whore — but do you hear Gentlemen! Have I dreamt all this while of Dignity, and am I really no Duke?

Tob. No, no: Friend! a Duke! I prithee call thy Wits agen.

Grub. What tho I formerly rail'd against the Court, when I was not preferr'd — I have more Honesty and Conscience now — for if I am a Duke —

Tob. Yet agen a Duke? Why, thou art no more a Duke, than thou art a Dromedary; but as poor a Clumsie, Clod-pated old Justice as ever was drunk with March Beer at a Sheriff's Feast.

*Enter Usher of the Black Rod, Aurelia, and a Guard.*

Grub. Ownz! How I could swinge these Rogues, if I had my Will — What, my Wife lye with a topping Courtier two whole nights, and I no Duke! 'tis impossible!

Tob. I tell thee once more, thou art no Duke: I think the old Fellow is bewitch'd.

Ush. No, no; nor you neither, good Reason of the Rappets shall t'm. Duke you.

Tob. What's the matter now?

Longo. Ha! The Usher of the Black Rod! would I were safe at my Lodging.

*Clern.*

*Clern.*



*Clerm.* And I. *Bemf.* And I.

*Ush.* Guard. — Seize these Duke-makers, disarm 'em; nay, if you struggle, we shall hamper you: Here's a Warrant to bring you before the King and Council. You are for disposing the King's Honors, and granting Dignities: let's see now — how you'll dispose your Estates to pay 20000 l. a piece Fine — besides 7 years imprisonment.

*Aur.* This I have help'd ye to, my lewd Court-swaggerers! you are for every Face you see, you are for flying at all Games: You! but I'll teach you to affront your Friends.

*Bemf.* Ah! malicious Devil, we shall get off some time or other.

*Longo.* And then the World shall know you.

*Clerm.* What a fine Jilt you are.

*Aur.* Do, rail, rail; poor fools.

*Tob.* I begin to shake: what is the meaning of all this?

*Ush.* As for your part, my Lord of Lubberland.

*Tob.* Lubberland; prithee Friend thou mistak'st my Title: I am Duke of Dunstable.

*Ush.* A Duke, a Dog-whipper you are! such a knot of Fools, that the King, instead of punishing, pities you — But I shall make bold to turn you out of your Dignitie, my Lord Duke.

*Tob.* Hey, day, the World's turning upon wheels, sure, What-a-devil, o'e take me for.

*Ush.* For a Fool I take you, I confess.

*Tob.* A Fool you might as well have taken me for an Alderman, But prithee don't trouble thy Head, man.

*Ush.* Sirra: leave your fooling, and have a care of the Porters Lodge: there are Whips with Bells: and so I take my leave of all your Graces: you Cocklebrain, you shall scape for your Wives sake, because there is my Kinswoman. — But for the rest, away with 'em. *(Exeunt Guards, with the Gentlemen.)*

*Grub.* Your Humble Servant, my Lord Duke.

*Cockl.* Ah! the Devil take this confounded Town: wou'd it were burnt agen — Will your Grace have a little more Air.

*Tob.* Thank your Grace: I am very cool o'th' sudden: Besides, *(To Toby.)*  
L. 2

sides, I am reflecting upon the strange mutability of human Affairs. — But however the world goes, Brethren — let's make some shew of our Dignity, before we part: What think you of Dancing the Hey?

Cockl. Agreed.

Grub. To be thus fool'd, and in my old age — well.

Here they Dance the Hey, and whilst they are Dancing; Enter Lyonel in a mad posture, with Celia, Doctor, Singers and Dancers.

Lyon. Hah! here they are! and in the height of Revelling. Pluto, Minos, Radamantus, the King of the Infernals, and the Judges.

Grub. Oh the Devil! here's the Mad-man agen — Come, come away. Come, Dutchess, Troop.

I'll not stay an hour in this cursed Town.

D'e hear, Sir, that 400 l. must be paid back again.

Cockl. Not a penny, Unkle, your Grace shall take it out in Offices —

Grub. Plaguetake you all: Zowns! You Whore, Come away.

Phill. Oh! dear Hubby. Shall I never see a Play, nor lye abroad agen? (Weeps.)

Grub. What! you have a mind to be a Dutchess agen: have you? Come away, and be hang'd, I'll Dutchess you.

Exit Grub. and Wife.

Rog. A Plague of this cursed Town, if this be all one gets!

Eyon. Great Pluto — know that I am Orpheus, and through the dismal shades of direful night, am come to seek my long lov'd Proserpine. Ple charm thee God, with Musick, my soft Aires shall lull the Pow'rs of thy bar'rous Empire, and set my Love at liberty. (Sings)

Doct. Pray, sooth his Humor. Till we can lay hold on him, when never doubt his Cure.

Ans. Madam, I thought he had been seiz'd before.

Celia. He was, but by main strength he broke away; his Madness still increasing: These are People plac'd by the Doctors Order, to humor the distemper.

(They seize him, and carry him out:

Doct.

*Doll.* So, now Madam, never give belief to Art, if you to  
Morrow, find him not recover'd.

*Celia.* Heaven grant he may, he shall not want my wishes.

*Tob.* Nay, Gentlemen: a little of your help will be convenient.

Brothers by Title, what think you to divert our selves, if we  
should Act a Farce, and that we call it *The three Dukes of Dun-*  
*stable.*

*Cockl.* Not I; I have been in a Farce lately enough: but I am  
resolv'd to go into the Country ——— Eat nothing but Turnips  
7 years, to recover the Estate I have spent in waiting for prefer-  
ment, and never so much as look towards old *Sodom* here agen.

*Anr.* And thus, Sir, on my knees, I promise ye henceforth to  
be Conforming to your pleasure with all the Care, and Diligence,  
and Duty of a most Penitent, Obedient Wife, to atone for my  
past Follies: and no more to heed the senseless Fopperies of the  
Town, nor the more senseless Fops remaining in it.

*Cockl.* Well, ——— I am forc'd to believe thee: We that are  
Married, have but small variety of remedy.

*Tob.* I have been fool'd my share too. But for my part, since  
it is so ——— I'll off with my *Mantle de la Guerr* here, and into  
the Barn, and Thresh agen: there's no Revolution of State there,  
if the Harvest be but good; And if ever I expect to be exalted  
agen, may I be hang'd upon a Beam there, in one of our own  
Cart-ropes.

*And may no Fool for better Fortune look;  
That just from Digging, thinks to be a Duke;*

*Ex. Omnes.*

# EPILOGUE:

Spoken by Mr. Montfort.

Of which (because it was particularly carp'd at) I desire every one that has more Wit than Malice, to Judge.

**F**ond of his Art; the Poet has to day  
Mistook, and made me mad the silliest way;  
Pride, Wealth, or Wine, may Frenzy often move:  
But that's a strange Brute that runs mad for Love,

Few now, Thank Heaven, such lewd examples find,  
'Tis forfeiting the Charter of our Kind;  
Shall Men have all, and Women no remorse?  
Then let the Cart hereafter drag the Horse.  
Let each Eve wrest the Scripture false, and swear;  
She was not made for Man, but Man for Her;  
No, this had been a most unpardon'd Crime;  
Did not the Lady here repent in time.

Besides, the Notion's false, for sure no Man  
Can Love so well, and faith no Woman can:  
'Tis true, degrees of Madness all may fit,  
Some with too much, some with too little Wit,  
I have been Mad, or I should ne'r have Writ.  
'Tis a Disease that Reigns in every station,  
First, amongst Gamesters I have found occasion,  
Sometimes to make a pretty Observation;  
At Hazard I have seen a Witty Lad  
Eat up a Candle, if his luck were bad;  
What think ye, Sirs, Was not that Fellow mad?  
A Lady too, in Tears has left off Play  
(Alas poor Punt,) for losing Sonica, )

## EPILOGUE

But above all, Wine does worst From my raise,  
For then Fop comes, and Whistles at our Plays,  
Calls some one Whore, that to some Spark belongs,  
Who calls him out, and whips him through his Lungs.  
This, on our Nation, a vile blot remains  
None but the Dutch and English take such pains  
To fill the Paunch, and empty all the Brains.  
The last, worst sort too, does your Heads invade,  
That's Whoring, that Vice makes ye all stark mad:  
Not Poverty has power to stop its force,  
Poor Rogues, that we'r could pay their Alehouse Scores  
Shall brag they've at Command a Leash of Whores.  
To th' Camp those Militant Doxies yearly stray  
Where each mad flitt'ring Fool that's given that way  
To purchase Pox, melts down a whole Month's Pay.  
Many more I beam of Madnefs I could name,  
And quote; indeed too many to our shame.  
But, Sirs, to prove that you have all your Wits,  
Let every Critick, that in Judgment sits,  
Our Poet to an easie Penance doom,  
Wink at small faults, for all of you have some.

By Several.  
By Mrs. Caryl.  
Lore is the Duke.

**PLAYS:**



PLAYS Printed for Henry Herringman, and Sold by  
Joseph Knight, and Francis Saunders.

Beaumont and Fletcher's PLAYS.

By the Duke of Newcastle.

**T**HE Humorous Lover.  
The Triumphant Widow.

By the Earl of Orrery.

Mustapha, and Henry the Fifth.  
The Black Prince, and Tryphon.  
Sir William D'Avenant's Works.

By Mr. Wicherly.

Love in a Wood.  
The Dancing Master.

By Major Porter.

The Villain.  
The Carnival.

By Sir George Etherege.

She won'd, if she cou'd.  
Love in a Tub.  
The Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling  
Flutter.

By Mr. Dryden.

The Dramatick Essay.  
The Indian Emperour.  
Tyrannick Love, or the Royal Martyr.  
The Mock-Astrologer.  
Granada, Two Parts.  
Sir Martin Mar-all.  
Marriage A-la-mode.  
Love in a Nunnery.  
All for Love.  
The Maiden Queen.  
The wild Gallant.  
The Rival Ladies.  
The Tempest, alter'd by him.  
Amboyna.  
Avenge Zebe.  
The State of Innocence.

By Mr. Shadwell.

The Sullen Lovers.  
The Humourist.  
Psyche.  
The Virtuoso.  
The Royal Shepherdess.  
Epsom Wells.  
The Libertine.  
Timon of Athens alter'd by him.

Mr. Killigrew's Works.

By Mr. Shakespear.

Hamlet.  
Macbeth.  
Julius Caesar.

By Mr. Cowley.

By Sir Charles Sydley.

The Mulberry Garden.  
By Sir Samuel Tuke, and several  
Persons of Honour.  
The Adventures of Five Hours.

By Sir Francis Fane.

Love in the Dark.

By Mr. Caril.

By Several.

The Usurper.  
The Roman Empress.  
The Coffee-House.  
The Mayor of Queenborough.  
The Womens Conquest.  
The Amazon Queen.  
Sir Francis Drake.  
Peleus and Thetis.  
Emperor of the Moon.  
Darius, King of Persia.

SONGS.

(2)  
NEW  
SONGS

SUNG IN

The Fool's Preferment,

OR, THE

Three DUKES of Dunstable.

In the SAVOY:

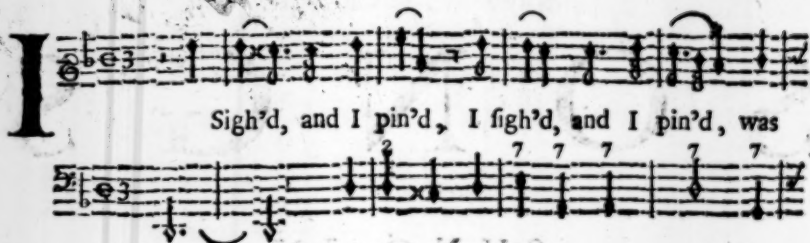
Printed by F. Jones, for Jas. Knight and Fran. Saunders,  
at the Blue Anchor in the Lower-Walk of the  
New Exchange in the Strand, 1688.

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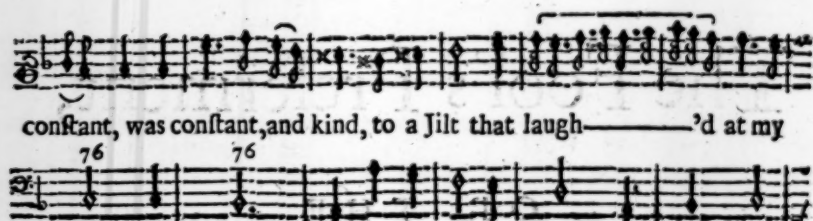
( 2 )

*A Song Sung in the First Act.*

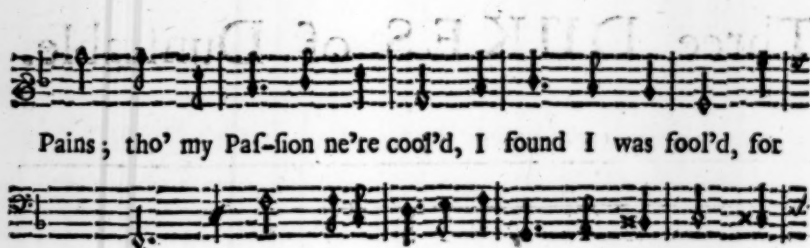
**I** Sigh'd, and I pin'd, I sigh'd, and I pin'd, was



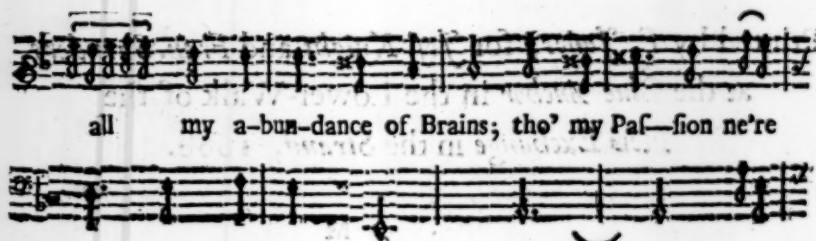
constant, was constant, and kind, to a Jilt that laugh'd at my

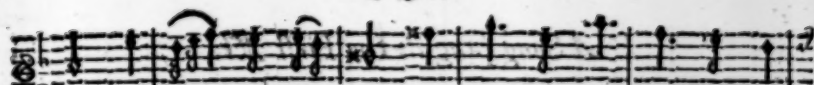


Pains; tho' my Pas-sion ne're cool'd, I found I was fool'd, for



all my a-bun-dance of Brains; tho' my Pas-sion ne're





cool'd, I found I was fool'd, for all my a-bun-dance of



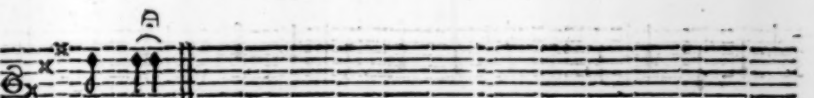
Brains: But now I'm a Thing, as grea——t as a



King, so blest is the Head that is ad—dle; the

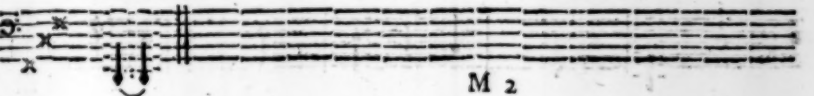


dull empty Pate, soonest comes to be great, Fate dotes on a Fool in the



Cradle.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



*A Song sung in the First Act.*

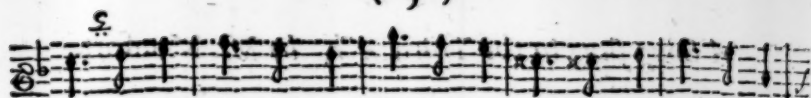
**T** Here's nothing so fa-tal as Woman, to

hur-ry a Man to his Grave; you may Think, you may

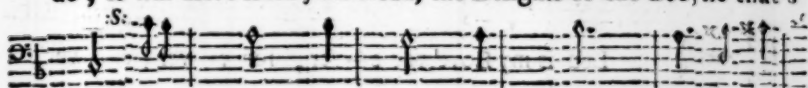
Plot, you may Sigh like a Sot, she u-ses you more like a Slave: But a

Bottle, altho' it be common, the Cheats of the Fair will un-



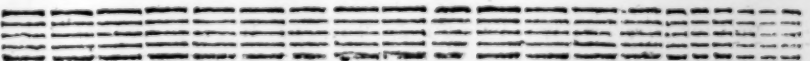
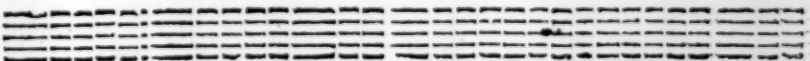
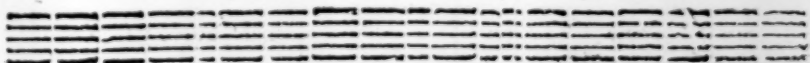
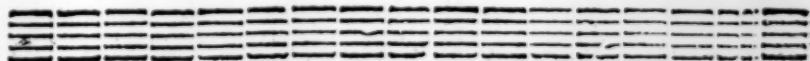
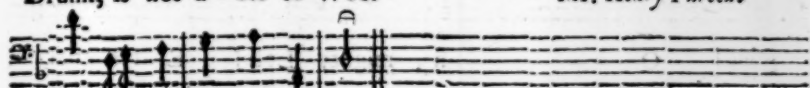


do ; it will drive from your Head, the Delights of the Bed, he that's



Drunk, is not a—ble to Woo.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



*A Song sung in the Third Act, by Mr. Monfort.*

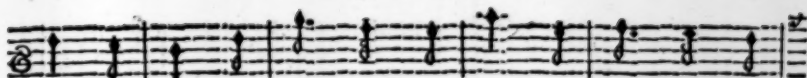
**F** Led is my Love, for e—ver, for e—ver, e—ver,

gone! O ————— h, mighty Lofs! E—ter—nal

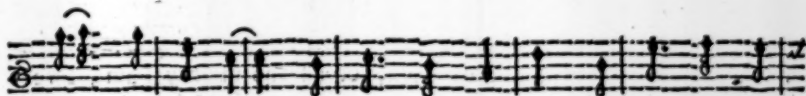
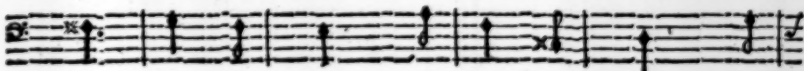
Sor—row, E—ter—nal Sorrow! Yet

prethee *Strepson*, why should'st mourn? For if thy Ce—lia

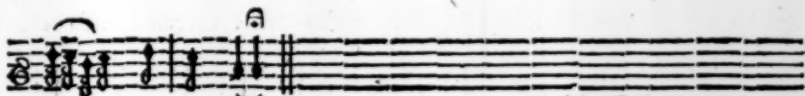
( 7 )



wont re—turn, to her thou shalt go, to her thou shalt

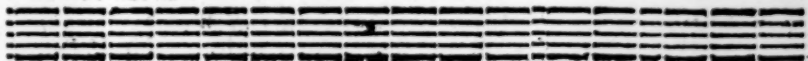
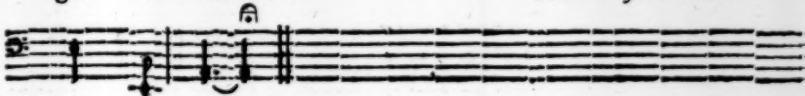


go to mor—row; to her thou shalt go, to her thou shalt



go to morrow.

Mr. Henry Purcell.



*A Song*

*A Song Sung in the Third Act. ( 8 )*

**T** IS Death alone, 'tis Death a—lone, can


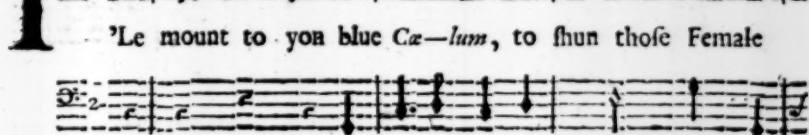
give me Ease, for all the mighty Pain, for all the mighty Pain, I've

felt; in his cold Tomb my Heart shall e—ver freeze, since hers could

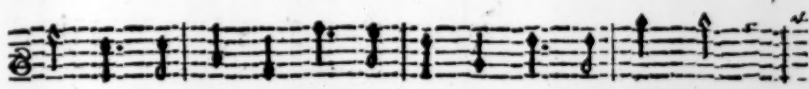
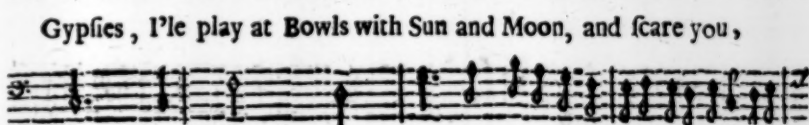
ne—ver, ne—ver mel—t; since hers could ne—ver,

ne—ver mel—t, could ne—ver melt. Mr. H. Purcell.


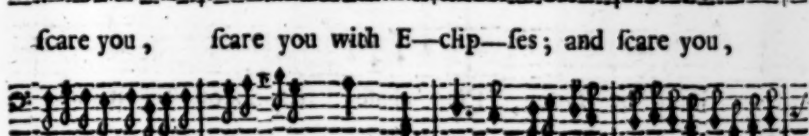
*A Song sung in the Third Act.*

**I**  

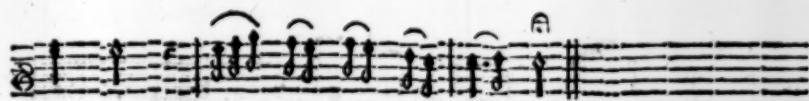
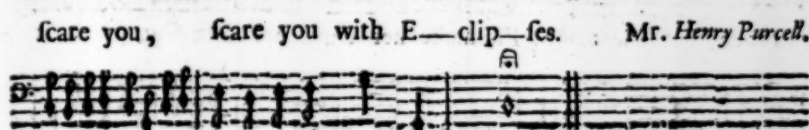
'Le mount to yon blue Ca—lum, to shun those Female

Gypfies, I'll play at Bowls with Sun and Moon, and scare you,

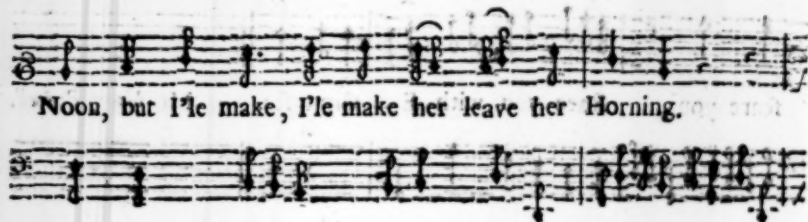
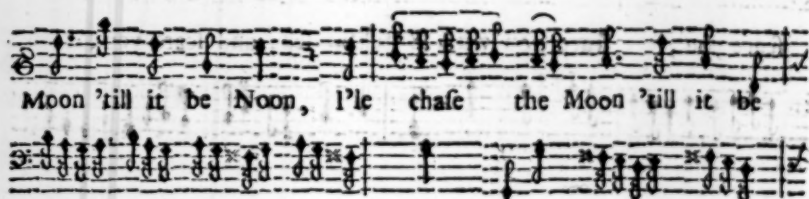
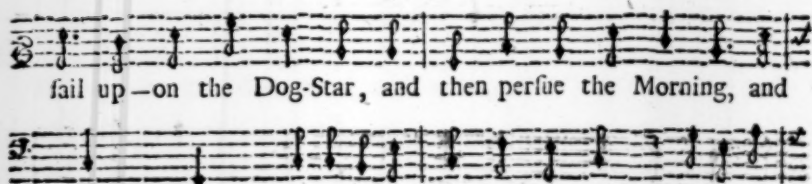
scare you, scare you with E—clip—ses; and scare you,

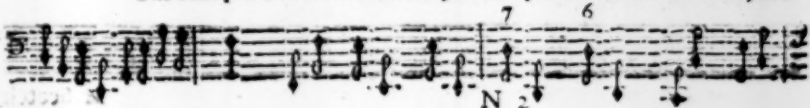
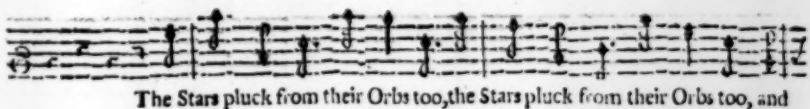
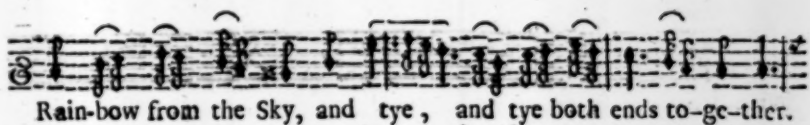
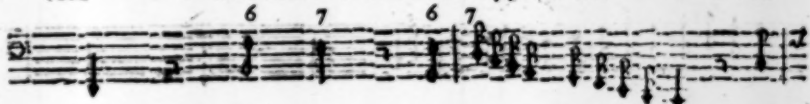
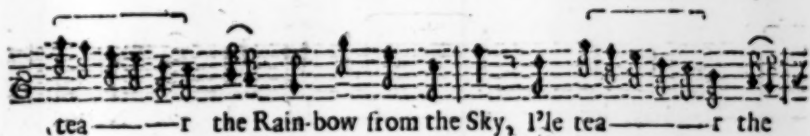
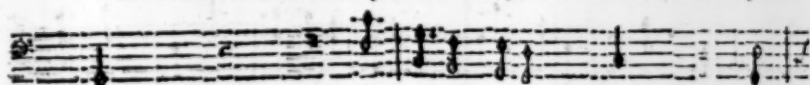
 

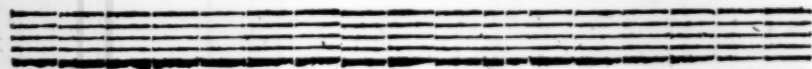
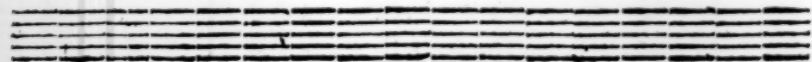
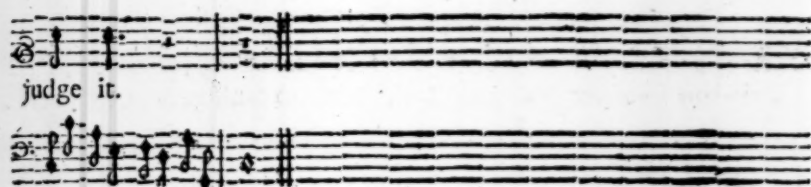
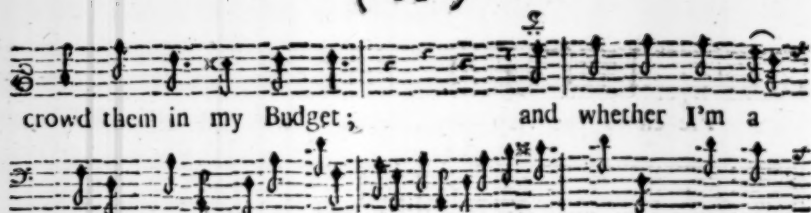
scare you, scare you with E—clip—ses. Mr. Henry Purcell.



*A Song sung in the Fourth Act. ( 10 )*



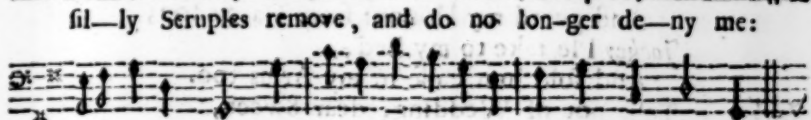
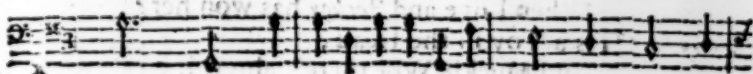
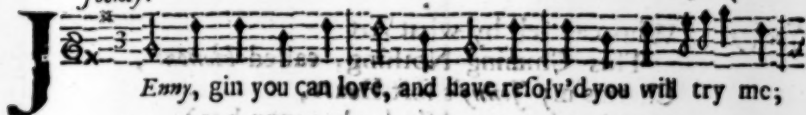




*A Scotch Song sung in the 4<sup>th</sup> Act. ( 13 )*

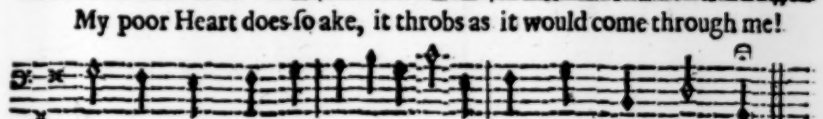
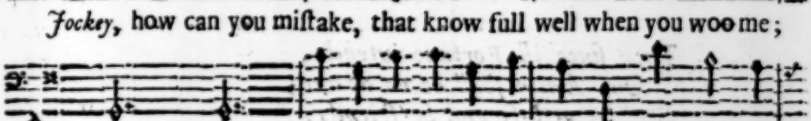
*A Dialogue by Jockey and Jenny.*

*Jockey.*



By thy bonny Black Eye, | Then if still you deny,  
I swear nean other can move me; | You never, never did love me.

*Jenny.*



How can you be my Friend, | All the Love you pretend,  
That thus are bent to my Ruine? | Is only for my Undoing.

*Il. Jockey.*

A Dialogue by Jockey and Jenny.

**Jockey.** Who can tell by what Art  
This Chiming Nothing, called Honour,  
Chains my Jenny's soft Heart,  
When Love and Jockey has won her?

**Jenny.** 'Tis a Toy in the Head,  
And Muckle Woe there's about it;  
Yet I'd rather be dead,  
Than live in Scandal without it.

But if you'll love me, and Wed;  
And guard my Honour from Harms too;  
Jockey I'll take to my Bed,  
And fold him Close in my Arms too.

**Jockey.** Talk not of Wedding, dear Sweet,  
For I must have Chains that are softer;  
I'm of a Northerly Breed,  
And never shall love thee well after.

### CHORUS: Bass and Treble.

Then since ill Fortune intends,  
Our Amity shall be no deaver;  
Still let us kiss and be friends,  
And sigh we shall never come nearer.

A Song



*A Song sung in the Fifth Act, by Mr. Monfort.*